THE NEW

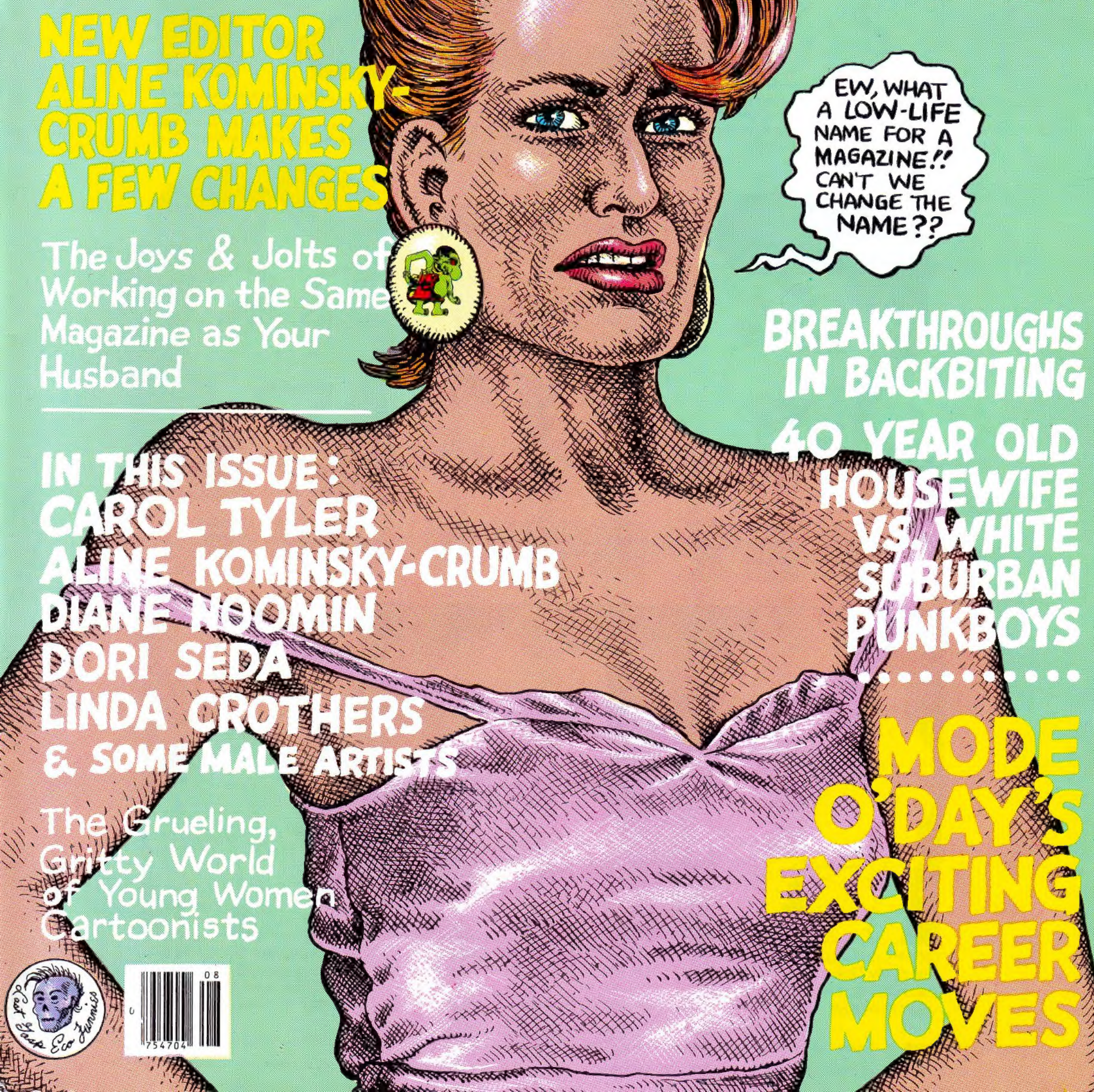
ADULTS ONLY

WEIRDO

NO. 18 • $3.95

NEW EDITOR ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB MAKES A FEW CHANGES

The Joys & Jolts of Working on the Same Magazine as Your Husband


EW, WHAT A LOW-LIFE NAME FOR A MAGAZINE!! CAN'T WE CHANGE THE NAME??

BREAKTHROUGHS IN BACKBITING

40 YEAR OLD HOUSEWIFE VS. WHITE SUBURBAN PUNKBOYS

IN THIS ISSUE:

CAROL TYLER

ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB

DIANE NOOMIN

DORI SEDA

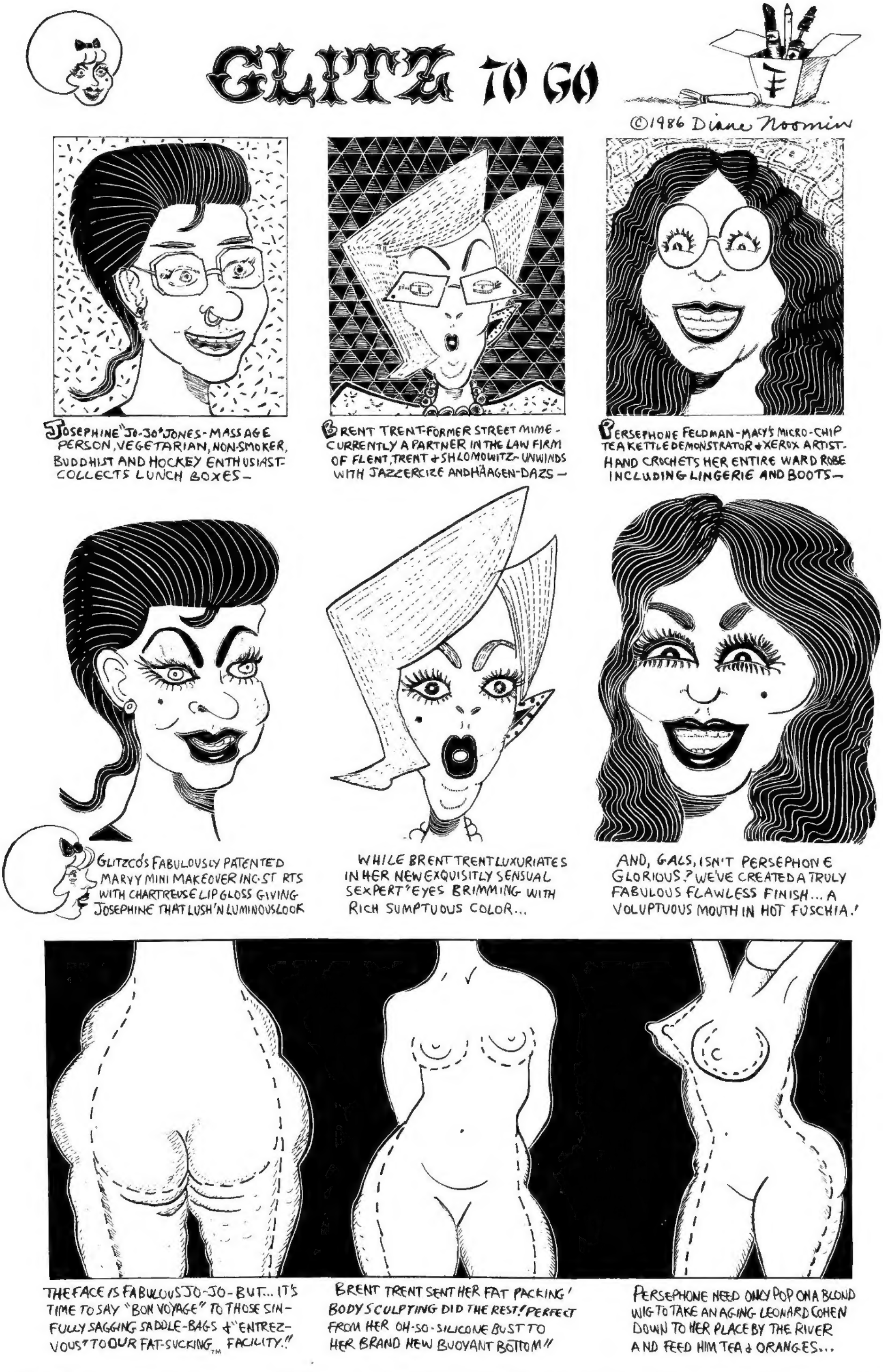
LINDA CROTHERS

& SOME MALE ARTISTS

The Grueling, Gritty World of Young Women Cartoonists

MODE O'DAY'S EXCITING CAREER MOVES

Last Gasp Eco-Funnies


GLITZ TO GO
©1986 Diane Noomin
JOSEPHINE "JO-JO" JONES - MASSAGE PERSON, VEGETARIAN, NON-SMOKER, BUDDHIST AND HOCKEY ENTHUSIAST - COLLECTS LUNCH BOXES -
BRENT TRENT - FORMER STREET MIME - CURRENTLY A PARTNER IN THE LAW FIRM OF FLENT, TRENT & SHLOMOWITZ - UNWINDS WITH JAZZERCIZE AND HÄAGEN-DAZS -
PERSEPHONE FELDMAN - MACY'S MICRO-CHIP TEA KETTLE DEMONSTRATOR & XEROX ARTIST - HAND CROCHETS HER ENTIRE WARDROBE INCLUDING LINGERIE AND BOOTS -
GLITZCO'S FABULOUSLY PATENTED MARVY MINI MAKEOVER INC. ST RTS WITH CHARTREUSE LIP GLOSS GIVING JOSEPHINE THAT LUSH'N LUMINOUS LOOK
WHILE BRENT TRENT LUXURIATES IN HER NEW EXQUISITLY SENSUAL SEXPERT EYES BRIMMING WITH RICH SUMPTUOUS COLOR...
AND, GALS, ISN'T PERSEPHONE GLORIOUS? WE'VE CREATED A TRULY FABULOUS FLAWLESS FINISH... A VOLUPTUOUS MOUTH IN HOT FUSCHIA!
THE FACE IS FABULOUS JO-JO - BUT... IT'S TIME TO SAY "BON VOYAGE" TO THOSE SINFULLY SAGGING SADDLE-BAGS & "ENTREZ-VOUS" TO OUR FAT-SUCKING™ FACILITY!!
BRENT TRENT SENT HER FAT PACKING! BODY SCULPTING DID THE REST! PERFECT FROM HER OH-SO-SILICONE BUST TO HER BRAND NEW BUOYANT BOTTOM!!
PERSEPHONE NEED ONLY POP ON A BLOND WIG TO TAKE AN AGING LEONARD COHEN DOWN TO HER PLACE BY THE RIVER AND FEED HIM TEA & ORANGES...

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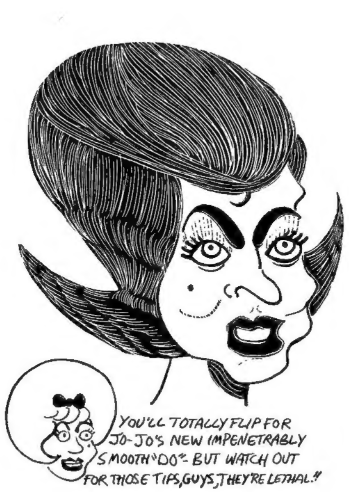
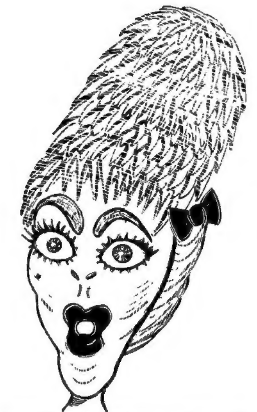
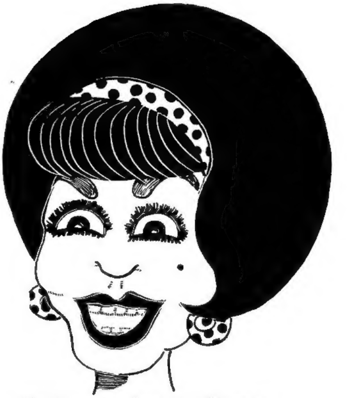


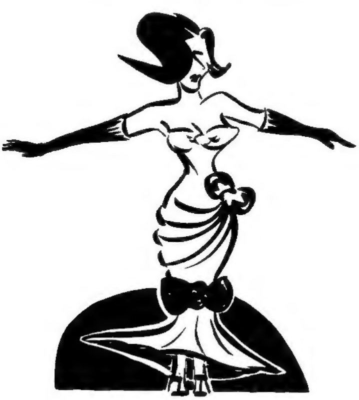
YOU'LL TOTALLY FLIP FOR JO-JO'S NEW IMPENETRABLY SMOOTH "DO"- BUT WATCH OUT FOR THOSE TIPS, GUYS, THEY'RE LETHAL!!



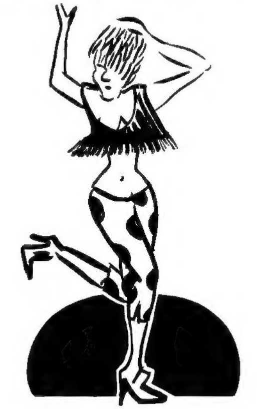
OOH-LA-LA GALS, CHECK OUT BRENT'S CUNNING COMBO... THE ABSOLUTELY ADORABLE "ARTICHOKE-BEEHIVE" WITH AN OH-SO-FRENCH TWEEST!!



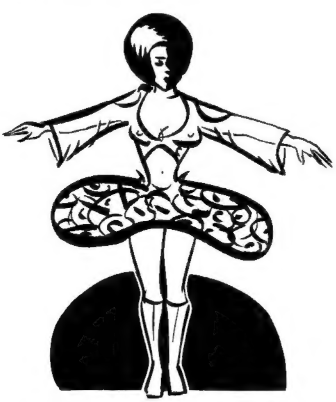
PERSEPHONE IS POSITIVELY PRECIOUS WITH HER CLASSIC BUBBLE COIF.. SHE'S IMPISHLY IRRESISTIBLE- A STATEMENT IN HAIRSPRAY!!



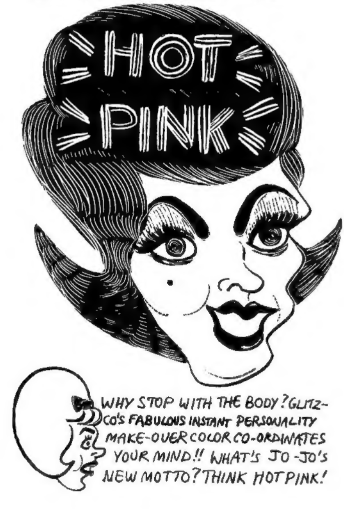
JO-JO'S AN EXOTIC VISION IN SKIN-TIGHT SHIRRED TAFFETA.. SEXIER THAN SILK, IT CLINGS TO HER CLASSIC CURVES IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES!



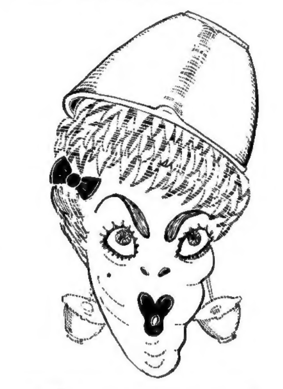
BRENT IS CASUAL YET CURVY... SNEAKILY SEDUCTIVE IN HER ASYMMETRICAL HALTER TOP + TEASINGLY TAUT CAPRI PANTS!



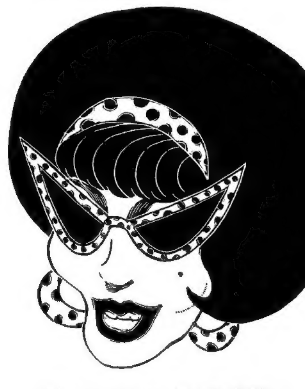
PERSEPHONE'S EXCITINGLY SEASON-LESS IN HER CLEAR PLASTIC BODICE + DARINGLY DRAMATIC DERRIÉRE FOR THAT LADY-LIKE PANACHE!!



WHY STOP WITH THE BODY? GLITZ-CO'S FABULOUS INSTANT PERSONALITY MAKE-OVER COLOR CO-ORDINATES YOUR MIND!! WHAT'S JO-JO'S NEW MOTTO? THINK HOT PINK!

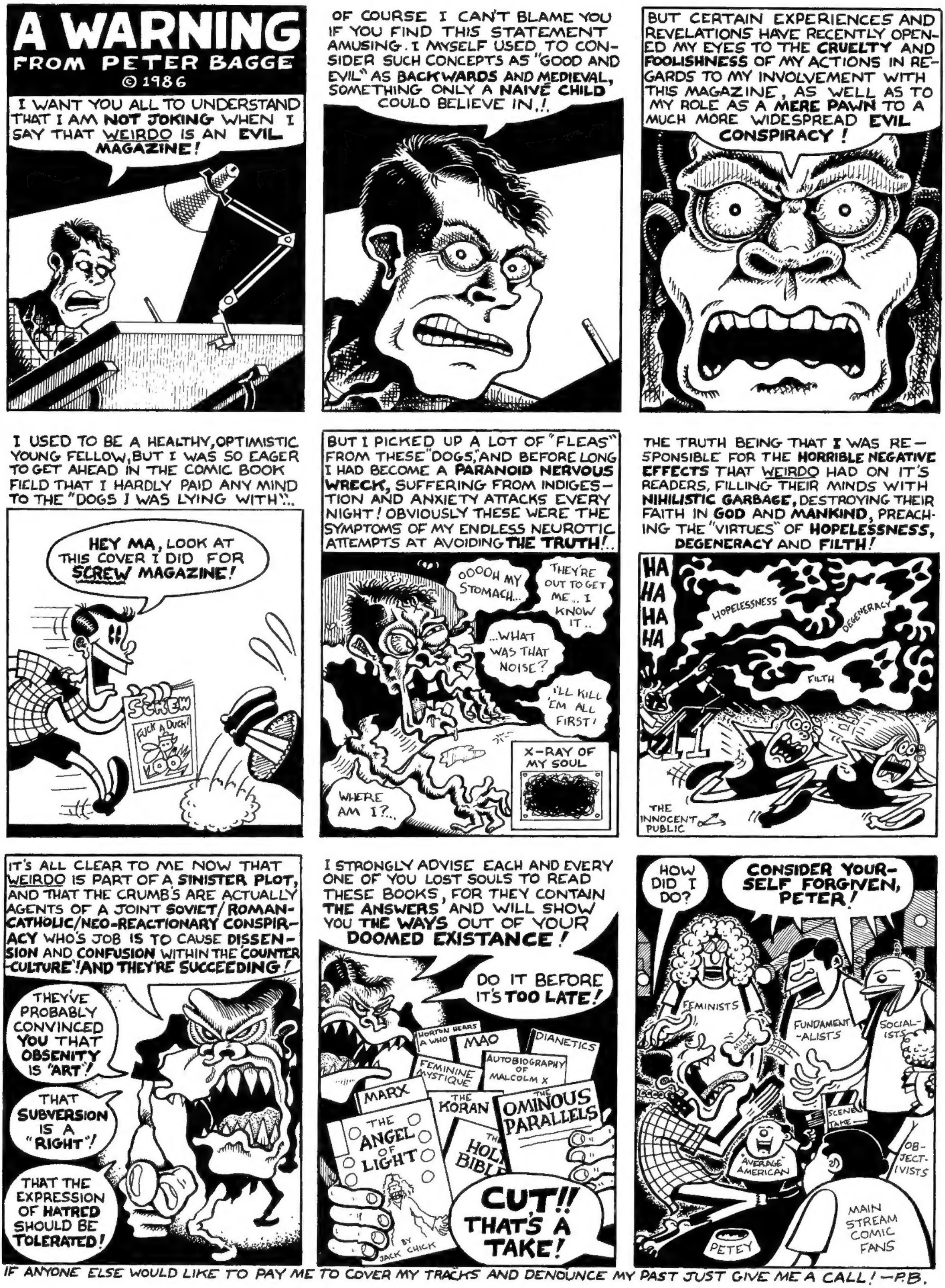


BRENT'S UTTERLY UNIQUE LOOK MIX 'N MATCHES MARVELOUSLY WITH HER BRAND NEW, SLIM, TRIM, PLASTIC-COATED PERSONALITY! HER MOTTO? THINK TRIVIAL, THINK TRASHY, THINK TUPPERWARE!!



WE'VE SUCKED THE UNSIGHTLY FAT FROM PERSEPHONE'S PERSONALITY AS WELL AS HER SADDLEBAGS! WHAT'S LEFT? AN ULTRA-SLEEK, ULTRA-CHIC, 2-TONE BRAIN! HER MOTTO? THINK MIAMI, MAITAIS + MAHJONG!

The Utter End.


A WARNING FROM PETER BAGGE
©1986
I WANT YOU ALL TO UNDERSTAND THAT I AM NOT JOKING WHEN I SAY THAT WEIRDO IS AN EVIL MAGAZINE!
OF COURSE I CAN'T BLAME YOU IF YOU FIND THIS STATEMENT AMUSING. I MYSELF USED TO CONSIDER SUCH CONCEPTS AS "GOOD AND EVIL" AS BACKWARDS AND MEDIEVAL, SOMETHING ONLY A NAIVE CHILD COULD BELIEVE IN.!.
BUT CERTAIN EXPERIENCES AND REVELATIONS HAVE RECENTLY OPENED MY EYES TO THE CRUELTY AND FOOLISHNESS OF MY ACTIONS IN REGARDS TO MY INVOLVEMENT WITH THIS MAGAZINE, AS WELL AS TO MY ROLE AS A MERE PAWN TO A MUCH MORE WIDESPREAD EVIL CONSPIRACY!
I USED TO BE A HEALTHY, OPTIMISTIC YOUNG FELLOW, BUT I WAS SO EAGER TO GET AHEAD IN THE COMIC BOOK FIELD THAT I HARDLY PAID ANY MIND TO THE "DOGS I WAS LYING WITH"...
HEY MA, LOOK AT THIS COVER I DID FOR SCREW MAGAZINE!
SCREW
FUCK A DUCK!
BUT I PICKED UP A LOT OF "FLEAS" FROM THESE "DOGS," AND BEFORE LONG I HAD BECOME A PARANOID NERVOUS WRECK, SUFFERING FROM INDIGESTION AND ANXIETY ATTACKS EVERY NIGHT! OBVIOUSLY THESE WERE THE SYMPTOMS OF MY ENDLESS NEUROTIC ATTEMPTS AT AVOIDING THE TRUTH!..
OOOOH MY STOMACH...
THEY'RE OUT TO GET ME... I KNOW IT..
...WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?
I'LL KILL 'EM ALL FIRST!
WHERE AM I?...
X-RAY OF MY SOUL
THE TRUTH BEING THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HORRIBLE NEGATIVE EFFECTS THAT WEIRDO HAD ON IT'S READERS, FILLING THEIR MINDS WITH NIHILISTIC GARBAGE, DESTROYING THEIR FAITH IN GOD AND MANKIND, PREACHING THE "VIRTUES" OF HOPELESSNESS, DEGENERACY AND FILTH!
HA HA HA HA
HOPELESSNESS
DEGENERACY
FILTH
THE INNOCENT PUBLIC
IT'S ALL CLEAR TO ME NOW THAT WEIRDO IS PART OF A SINISTER PLOT, AND THAT THE CRUMB'S ARE ACTUALLY AGENTS OF A JOINT SOVIET/ROMAN-CATHOLIC/NEO-REACTIONARY CONSPIRACY WHO'S JOB IS TO CAUSE DISSENSION AND CONFUSION WITHIN THE "COUNTER-CULTURE"! AND THEY'RE SUCCEEDING!
THEY'VE PROBABLY CONVINCED YOU THAT OBSENITY IS "ART"!
THAT SUBVERSION IS A "RIGHT"!
THAT THE EXPRESSION OF HATRED SHOULD BE TOLERATED!
I STRONGLY ADVISE EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU LOST SOULS TO READ THESE BOOKS, FOR THEY CONTAIN THE ANSWERS AND WILL SHOW YOU THE WAYS OUT OF YOUR DOOMED EXISTANCE!
DO IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
HORTON HEARS A WHO
MAO
DIANETICS
FEMININE MYSTIQUE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X
MARX
THE KORAN
THE OMINOUS PARALLELS
THE ANGEL OF LIGHT
BY JACK CHICK
THE HOLY BIBLE
CUT!! THAT'S A TAKE!
HOW DID I DO?
CONSIDER YOURSELF FORGIVEN, PETER!
FEMINISTS
MILK BONE
FUNDAMENTALISTS
SOCIALISTS
SCENE TAKE
"AVERAGE" AMERICAN
OBJECTIVISTS
MAINSTREAM COMIC FANS
PETEY

IF ANYONE ELSE WOULD LIKE TO PAY ME TO COVER MY TRACKS AND DENOUNCE MY PAST JUST GIVE ME A CALL! —P.B.

Safetypup®
says, "Beware and be aware of dangerous people!"
TM
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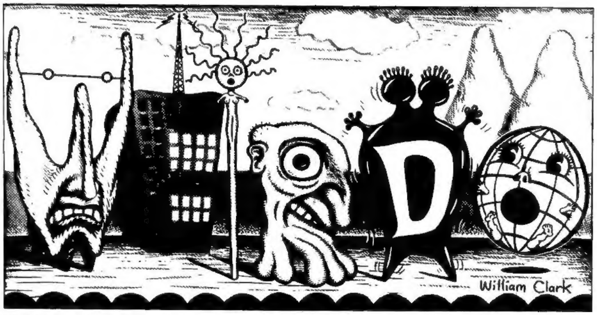


Look at that stripper Buzz
Eric Freeman

NUMBER 18 **FALL, 1986**

"PERSONALLY, I'D RATHER BE WEIRD, DAHLING!"

Letters to the Editor

YES DAHLINGS, THIS IS THE MOMENT YOU'VE BEEN DREADING OR EAGERLY ANTICIPATING. ANOTHER WEIRDO COUP!! A NEW REGIME, A FABULOUS VISION... SOME OF YOU WISE ASS LITTLE TURDS CAN JUST FORGET IT! BUT WELCOME ALL YOU FASHION MINDED, DEEP THINKING SENSITIVE TYPES- SOUL MATES ... YES, WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN THRU SO MUCH AND WE ARE DEEPLY INTERESTED IN HEARING ALL ABOUT IT!!

— A BIT ABOUT YOUR NEW EDITOR —

BASICALLY I NEVER READ COMICS. I HATED THEM WHEN I WAS A KID TOO, I PREFERRED MORE PRETENTIOUS NOVELS. NOW I ONLY LIKE MY OWN WORK, I THINK ITS BRILLIANT INSIGHTFUL, HYSTERICALLY FUNNY, WILDLY POWERFUL ETC... I OCCASIONALLY ENJOY OTHER ARTISTS ONLY IF THEIR WORK IS SIMILAR TO MY OWN [COMPULSIVELY REVEALING BAD DRAWING, NEGATIVE SELF IMAGE, POOR ATTITUDE TOWARDS LIFE.] ONCE IN AWHILE I LIKE MY HUSBAND'S WORK, BUT ONLY WHEN HE'S WHINING + SNIVELING ABOUT HIS MISERABLE EXISTENSE. BUT THE PUBLISHER FORCES ME TO USE HIS WORK ANYWAY... MY FAVORITE READING MATERIAL IS THE COSMO TYPE ZINE. I'M INTERESTED IN DIETING SHORTCUTS, BREAKTHRUS IN PLASTIC SURGERY, SHOPPING DEALS, YOUTH PRESERVING PRODUCTS, EASY AND IMPRESSIVE GOURMET COOKING TIPS AND PSYCHOLOGICAL PAP THAT RE INFORCES MY OWN PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. SO ARTISTS AND WRITERS PLEASE KEEP THESE THINGS IN MIND WHEN SUBMITTING WORK... AND READERS, NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT, RIGHT??

OH, SOMETIMES I ENJOY A LITTLE TWISTED SEX STUFF, BUT ONLY IF IT CATERS TO MY PARTICULAR FANTASIES, SO THINK ABOUT ME + MY TASTE WHEN YOU'RE DOING THIS PERVERSE MATERIAL.. I MIGHT JUST GO FOR IT! YA KNOW, I'M A LITTLE KINKY NOW THAT I'M MIDDLE AGED... I'M FASCINATED BY STORIES FEATURING YOUNG MEN SEXUALLY OBSESSED WITH OLDER WOMEN WHO ARE BLASE' ALSO OLD MEN SHOWERING 40 YR. OLD WOMEN WITH LAVISH GIFTS + ATTENTION... YOU GET THE PICTURE!!

OH YES... I ALSO ADORE VICIOUS GOSSIP. IT MUST BE TRULY BITCHY + HOPEFULLY EXPOSE SOME PREVIOUSLY GUARDED PERSONAL + DEVASTATING SECRETS! NASTY STUFF ONLY... PLEEZE.. I LOVE IT WITH MY CAWFEE!

SO ALL IN ALL I'M JUST A 70'S KINDA GAL, YOU YOUNG WHITE BOYS KNOW WHAT I MEAN! I GUESS THE FABULOUS 70'S WERE MY HEY DAY.. I JUST CAN'T FACE GETTING OLD + OBSOLETE + BESIDES THE 80'S ARE SO YUCKY. [ALTHOUGH I THINK THE NEW RECYCLED SURFER LOOK IS DARLING.] ANYWAY ALL YOU OTHER 70'S LOSERS LIKE ME WHO HATED PETER BAGGE + COMPLAINED BITTERLY + DROVE HIM CRAZY, WILL BE HAPPY TO SEE THE OLD GUARD RE INSTATED... AND I GUESS YOU YOUNG UPSTARTS ARE ALREADY PISSED OFF HUH? GOOD... I LOOK FOWARD TO TONS OF FAN MAIL + FEEL FREE TO SEND PRESENTS TO ME OR MY ADORABLE DAUGHTER SOPHIE.

OH, BY THE WAY FOR THOSE WHO CAN READ, HOPE YOU ENJOY OUR NEW LITERARY FEATURES! AND WE CAN THANK OUR GENEROUS PUBLISHER FOR 8 EXTRA PAGES IN THIS ISSUE!

ONE MORE THING... PENNY MORAN, PLEASE GET IN TOUCH WITH ME. I DON'T HAVE YOUR ADDRESS, I'D LIKE TO USE YOUR ARTWORK

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS + SUBMISSIONS
TO: ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB
P.O. BOX 533
WINTERS, CA. 95694

WEIRDO!

DAM YOU—YOUR MAGAZINE SUCKS. HERE YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVIDE AMERICA, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY THE REST OF THE WORLD, WITH THE BIGGEST AND BEST COLLECTION OF OBSCURITIES FROM THE HEARTLAND (WHERE EVER YOU CHOOSE THAT TO BE) EVERY MONTH! YET, EVERY MONTH OR TWO MONTHS OR WHATEVER, YOU FAIL TO DELIVER. A RECENT DISTRESSING TREND IS THE WAY YOU CHOOSE TO PLAY IT *SAFE* (NO BALLS) AND GIVE US THE SAME OLD CRAP FROM THE SAME OLD DUFFERS WHO ESTABLISHED THEMSELVES WAY BACK IN THE '60S OR '50S OR WHENEVER. AS MUCH AS I LIKE SPAIN OR S. CLAY WILSON, WHO NEEDS TO SEE *TRASHMAN* OR THE *CHECKERED DEMON* JACK OFF FOR SIX OR SEVEN PAGES FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME. I THINK YOU SHOULD LIMIT YOURSELVES TO ONE OR TWO FEATURES BY THE OLD MASTERS EACH MONTH, AND CONCENTRATE ON WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US NOW—IN THE '80S OR '90S OR WHATEVER IT IS.

ANOTHER THING THAT REALLY PISSES ME OFF IS THE REEKING NEPOTISM THAT RUNS RAMPANT THROUGHOUT YOUR PUBLICATION. FOR THE MOST PART, THE ONLY STORIES BY NEW ARTISTS ARE BY PERSONAL FRIENDS OF MR. P. BAGGE OR FUCKSHIT OR YOU NAME IT. I WON'T TELL YOU WHICH ARTISTS I REALLY HATE, BUT NOTHING PISSES ME OFF MORE THAN THE WAY YOUR MAGAZINE PANDERS TO THE PARANOIA OF A FEW DELUDED OLD MEN AND THEIR PERSONAL MAFIA. **FUCK YOU!** I HATE YOUR GUTS! BETWEEN R. CRUMB AND HIS PUPPIES, THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM FOR ANYTHING BY ME, AND I REPRESENT THE PEOPLE!! I HAVE ALREADY READ A MILLION OF R. CRUMB'S PARANOID TYRADES—I WANT TO SEE SOMEONE ELSE'S! DON'T TELL ME THAT FUCKING JOHN HOLSTROM (SIC) OR BRUCE N. DUNCAN OR FUCKING J.D. KING ARE THE ONLY "ARTISTS" TO PRODUCE ANYTHING WORTH A SHIT SINCE 1969. **AND DON'T TRY TO TELL ME I'M NOT RIGHT EITHER!** YOU FUDGEPACKERS MAKE ME SICK! THE ONLY THING GOOD ABOUT YOUR MAGAZINE IS THE LETTERS COLUMN—WHERE YOU TELL US BRIEFLY ABOUT THE **REAL** ARTISTS AND THINGS THEY'VE SENT YOU BUT YOU DON'T PRINT A SINGLE FUCKING *SOLITARY* GLIMPSE BETWEEN THE PAGES SO HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW IF I WANT TO SEND A FEW BUCKS TO SOME GUY FOR A COMIC HE'S DONE IF YOU DON'T SHOW US A THING TO LOOK AT YOU STUPID **FUCKHEAD**!! HOW TO YOU EXPECT TO UNITE THE WORLD UNDER ONE GLOWING COMIC IF ALL YOU SHOW IS YOUR COLLECTIVELY STUPID PATHETIC NARROW AND OCCASIONALLY BADLY DRAWN VIEWS? GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR ASS, OR HAVE YOU BEEN STICKING INTO R. CRUMB'S AGAIN? WISE UP, DUMBFUCK—GET WITH IT OR GET OUTTA THERE AND LET ME TAKE OVER. BOY ARE YOU AN ASSHOLE—AND I MEAN YOU MR. "GAG SYNDROME."

LOVE,
KEVIN DIXON
CHAPEL HILL, N.C.

WE'RE PLEASED TO SEE THAT YOU CAN EXPRESS YOUR ANGER SO FREELY AND OPENLY, KEVIN... THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR. UNFORTUNATELY, THE WORK YOU SUBMITTED HAS BEEN DEEMED NOT UP TO WEIRDO'S HIGH STANDARD OF QUALITY. WE'RE VERY SORRY.—ED.

DEAR ALINE,

MY HUSBAND AND I WERE WALKING AROUND MANHATTAN TALKING ABOUT HOW MUCH WE NEED SOME NEW WORK BY YOU, WHEN, LO AND BEHOLD, WE FOUND *WEIRDO* NO. 17 AND THE GLORIOUS ANNOUNCEMENT THAT YOU ARE TO BE THE NEW *WEIRDO* EDITOR! WE'VE BEEN REAL STARVED FOR NEW BUNCH COMICS, AS WE THINK THAT YOU CREATE SOME OF THE BEST STORIES AROUND. I HOPE YOUR BECOMING THE EDITOR MEANS THAT WE'LL BE SEEING MORE OF YOUR STUFF. YOUR HONESTY AND HUMOR HAVE BEEN A REAL INSPIRATION TO ME AND I KNOW YOU'LL DO A TERRIFIC JOB WITH *WEIRDO* (IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY WITH A DISCERNING MIND TOOK A CRACK AT THAT MAGAZINE.) IN THESE DAYS OF MENTAL REPRESSION AND GENERAL DEAD-MINDEDNESS IT'LL BE REFRESHING TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO. I *SAY*—

MORE POWER TO YOU,
JOANNE HACKETT

P.S. THE NEW BUNCH AND BOB ARE NOT BORING! YOUR LATEST INSTALLMENT OF "DIRTY LAUNDRY" WAS ONE OF THE MOST ENJOYABLE YET. THERE IS ALWAYS A RICHNESS AND COMMITMENT TO EXCELLENCE IN YOUR AND BOB'S WORK THAT HAS GROWN OVER THE YEARS. IT'S TOO BAD PEOPLE BECOME IMPRISONED BY THEIR PRE-CONCEPTIONS.

SINCERELY
MICHAEL BIFULCO

HE MUST BE THE HUSBAND OF THE OTHER ONE... ANOTHER CATHOLIC BOY AND JEWISH GIRL HOOK-UP. NO WONDER THEY LIKE US!—ED.

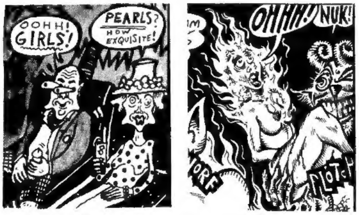
WEIRDO NO. 18, FALL 1986. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES.

HEY!!

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED? MAYBE BUNCH BABE'LL CLEAR IT UP. SEE, #16 WAS GREAT! CORKY'S *REGULAR JOE*, MY PAL *FISHLIPS*, *FATAL FELLATIO* & DEITCH GOT MY HOPES UP. IT WAS THE BEST ISSUE SINCE #12 (GODDAM THOSE ARTEESTS WEINER & BAGGE! LOVE 'EM! AND J.D. KING DOESN'T OFFEND ME, A NICE GAL; I KNOW SOME TRICKS TOO, BOYS). SO, I'M THREATENING MY COMIC PUSHERS WITH SOME PRETTY DAZZLING SYNTAX — & POW! THERE'S #17! HEY, MEBBE THEY WERE HIDING IT FROM ME, KNOWING THAT I ONLY READ THE GOOD STUFF. SO I'M STARVED & TEAR IT OPEN — HUH? WORTHLESS LUST, VERBOSE (DICK) VIGNETTES, AN ENTICING BUT DISAPPOINTING DIDI-GOOD STYLE, NOT CONFLICTING ENOUGH, & OTHER **SHIT**! IS J.D. KING REGRESSING? APOLOGISING TO HIS NAMBY PUBLIC? NOT LIKE THE OLD FAKE HIPPY GAG. SHIT, THIS ISSUE HAS TWENTY, COUNT 'EM, WORTHLESS PAGES!! WHY NOT PUT SUMMER-FRESH DOUCHE ADS IN INSTEAD? THEY'RE MORE CREATIVE, DAMMIT, THAN THIS SAD ISSUE. PLEASE, BUNCH, MAKE IT GOOD FOR ME AGAIN! MAKE ME SEETHE LIKE A SNOID WITH YER HUBBY, & LAUGH AT FISHLIPS, I MEAN MYSELF, I MEAN FISHLIPS & RORY HAYES!! WHERE ARE YOU? YER COMIX?! HELLO? WEIRDO? IS ANYBODY THERE? HELLOOOOO?

YOURS IN CYNICISM,
KAREN PAPERNO
AUSTIN, TEXAS

P.S. ALINE, WHEN ARE YOU GONNA FACE TODAY'S NEO-NAZIS & ADDRESS THE PRO-ABORTION ANTI-CHOICE FACIST CRAPOLA? I WANNA SEE A FETAL FATAL FUNNY COMIC!


OOHH! GIRLS!
PEARLS? HOW EXQUISITE!
OHHH! NUK!
ORF
NOT-

"WORTHLESS LUST"??

I'M PLEASED TO SEE THAT PETER BAGGE WILL BE FREED UP TO CONCENTRATE ON HIS EXCELLENT *NEAT STUFF* SERIES. ASIDE FROM #17 I THINK HE'S DONE AN EXCELLENT JOB EDITING *WEIRDO*. AS AN ADVANCED COLLECTOR I'VE READ (AND REREAD) NEARLY EVERY UNDERGROUND COMIC PUBLISHED (*YOU POOR THING!—ED.*) BUT I'VE RARELY WRITTEN CRITICALLY TO AN ARTIST OR EDITOR. I FEEL IMPELLED TO DO SO NOW IN A MAJOR WAY IN HOPES OF INFLUENCING YOU TO TURN WEIRDO INTO A MAG OF SURPASSING QUALITY AND READABILITY — FILTHY, DEPRAVED, VICIOUS AND SCUM-CRUSTED OF COURSE, BUT FUNNY!

TO PUT MY REMARKS IN CONTEXT, A LITTLE OF MY BACKGROUND: I'VE BEEN AN U.G. COMIX ADDICT SINCE COLLEGE (1968-72) AND TURNED INTO AN ANUS-CLENCHED COLLECTOR (HIGH-GRADE, BAGGED, ACID-FREE) ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO.. ALONG WITH JAY KENNEDY, ARNIE SCHEIMAN, AND MY BROTHER BRUCE, I'M PROBABLY AMONG THE TOP TEN U.G. COLLECTORS AROUND, EXCEPTING ORIGINAL ART. SO, I'VE COLLECTED, AND READ, THE GOOD ALONG WITH THE BAD, THE OLD ALONG WITH THE NEW AND NEW WAVE, AND FEEL I AM REPRESENTATIVE OF THE FOLX WHO TURNED UNDERGROUNDS INTO AN INDUSTRY BACK IN THE '70S....I CONFESS MY TASTES TO TEND TO RUN TO THE OLD MASTERS, BUT I DO LIGHT UP WHEN I SEE A REAL NEW TALENT LIKE PETER OR THE FRIEDMAN BROTHERS.

THAT'S A GOOD PLACE TO START: THE NEW TALENTS. PUBLISH AS MUCH AS YOU CAN GET FROM PETER, KAZ, AND THE FRIEDMAN BROTHERS. C. STRIEWSKI (*FISHLIPS*) IS A REAL FIND. FORCE HIM TO CONTRIBUTE!

J.D. KING IS UNEVEN. HIS TEDDY KENNEDY BACK COVER, ELFSQUELCH, AND THE NIHILISTIC PUNK KIDS ARE GREAT, BUT HE'S HAD LOSERS TOO. I'D LIKE TO SEE MORE OF J.R. WILLIAMS, BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE TO BE SELECTIVE WITH HIM, TOO.

TANTALIZATION DEPT.; THESE FOLX APPEARED JUST ONCE BUT LOOKED QUITE PROMISING: R.L. CRABB, CORA LLOYD (#10), "TOM 'N' CRAIG" (#5), WHOEVER DID "HELEN HIPPO" (#7) (*THAT WAS THE INFAMOUS ELINOR NORFLUS—ED.*), AND IN THE OTHERWISE MISERABLE #17, LYNN VON SCHLICTING, LINDA CROTHERS, AND "KRYSTINE KRYTTRE".

NEITHER NEW-WAVE NOR OLD GUARD, I USUALLY LIKE DORI SEDA'S WORK, BUT MAYBE THAT'S BECAUSE I HAVE A CRUSH ON HER. LUCKY DON DONAHUE! DITTO FOR TERRY BOYCE, MINUS THE CRUSH.

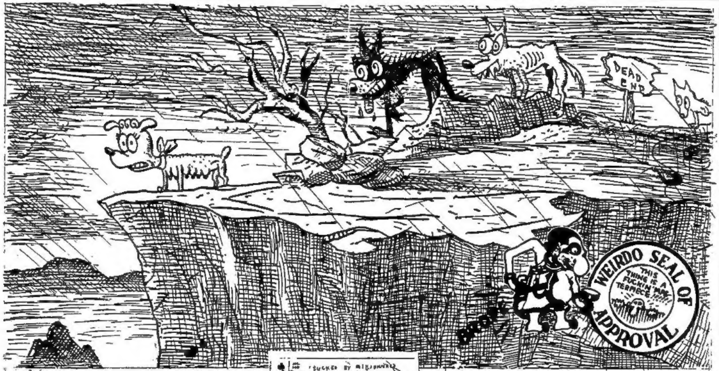
WHERE TO START IN ON THE BIG-NAME U.G.ERS, BUT WITH THE CRUMBUM HIMSELF? I'D DEFINITELY LIKE TO SEE MORE OF "*MODE O'DAY*" SLICE-OF-LIFE SOLOS LIKE "*MID-LIFE CRISIS*," AND "*DIRTY LAUNDRY*" COLLABORATIONS. HOW LONG BEFORE THE SOPH TAKES A HAND? THE PURELY ILLUSTRATIVE EFFORTS SUCCEED OR FAIL WITH THE MATERIAL; KRAFFT-EBING WAS A NATURAL, BUT SOMEHOW THE PSYCHOSES OF A SECOND-RATE S.F. WRITER CAME OFF RATHER FLAT—DICK DIDN'T CLICK.

THE OTHER OLD ZAPPERS, S. CLAY AND ROBT. WILLIAMS ARE DEFINITELY WORTH KEEPING ABOARD — HOW MUCH *WEIRD*ER THAN THESE GUYS CAN YOU GET?? IF THE SIXTIESISH LOOK OF WILSON'S WORK OFFENDS SOME OF THE PUNKIER READERS, I'M SURE AN EDITOR OF YOUR TALENTS COULD PERSUADE A SHARP, LEVEL-HEADED FELLOW LIKE STEVE TO SCRAP HIS OLD *CHECKERED DEMON* IN FAVOR OF A MORE CONTEMPORARY CHARACTER, EH? I LIKE KIM DEITCH'S WORK, ONLY WORRY THAT HIS COMPLEX STORIES ARE TOO CEREBRAL FOR READERS WITH BLUE STREAKS IN THEIR HAIR. SPAIN? JUST NOT WEIRDO ENOUGH. FINDING M. McMILLAN ALIVE AND WELL ALMOST SALVAGED #17 FOR ME. BEG HIM FOR MORE! HIS SPOOFS OF THE ART WORLD WILL AMUSE ALL THE PROJUNIORS IN THE AUDIENCE.

HOW ABOUT RECRUITING SOME PROVEN TALENT ALONG WITH THE TALENTED NEWCOMERS MENTIONED ABOVE? BOBBO ARMSTRONG'S "*MICKEY RAT*" IS A NATURAL FOR *WEIRDO*, BUT HE HASN'T APPEARED SINCE THE EARLY ISSUES. RAND HOLMES IS A GOOD ARTIST AND AN EXCELLENT PLOTTER, AND HE USED TO DRAW ALOT OF REALLY SCUMMILY HUMOROUS STUFF FOR MEN'S MAGAZINES, SO I KNOW HE HAS *WEIRDO*-TYPE MATERIAL IN HIM, PROBABLY SEETHING FOR AN OUTLET, AFTER SO MUCH STRAIGHT ADVENTURE STUFF. JIM OSBORNE WAS ALWAYS GREAT FOR NASTY PIECES, BUT YOU'D WANT TO USE HIM IN SMALL DOSES, MAYBE ALTERNATING WITH JOE COLEMAN (EWWW, GROSS!!)

I'M HOPING YOU DON'T PLAN TO TURN *WEIRDO* INTO ANOTHER *WIMMEN'S COMIX* OR *TITS & CLITS*. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN MY PERCEPTION THAT *WEIRDO* IS AIMED AT AND READ BY PIMPLE-FACED, SNOT-NOSED ANTI-SOCIAL GUYS WHO WISH THEY'D HAD THE GUTS TO TELL OFF THEIR GYM TEACHER. I'D LAY ODDS THAT ANY SERIOUS FEMALE READER OF *WEIRDO* (YOURSELF EXCEPTED) IS SERIOUSLY OVERWEIGHT. I DONT WANT TO TARNISH OTHERWISE GOOD FEMINIST CREDENTIALS TO SEEMING TO SUGGEST (*THAT'S ENOUGH, WE'RE OUT OF SPACE ANYWAY, YGW!—ED.*)....

BEST WISHES,
SCOTT SEMANS
SEATTLE WASH.



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HAVE YOU LOST YOUR WAY?
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?
WANT TO???
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NO. 2
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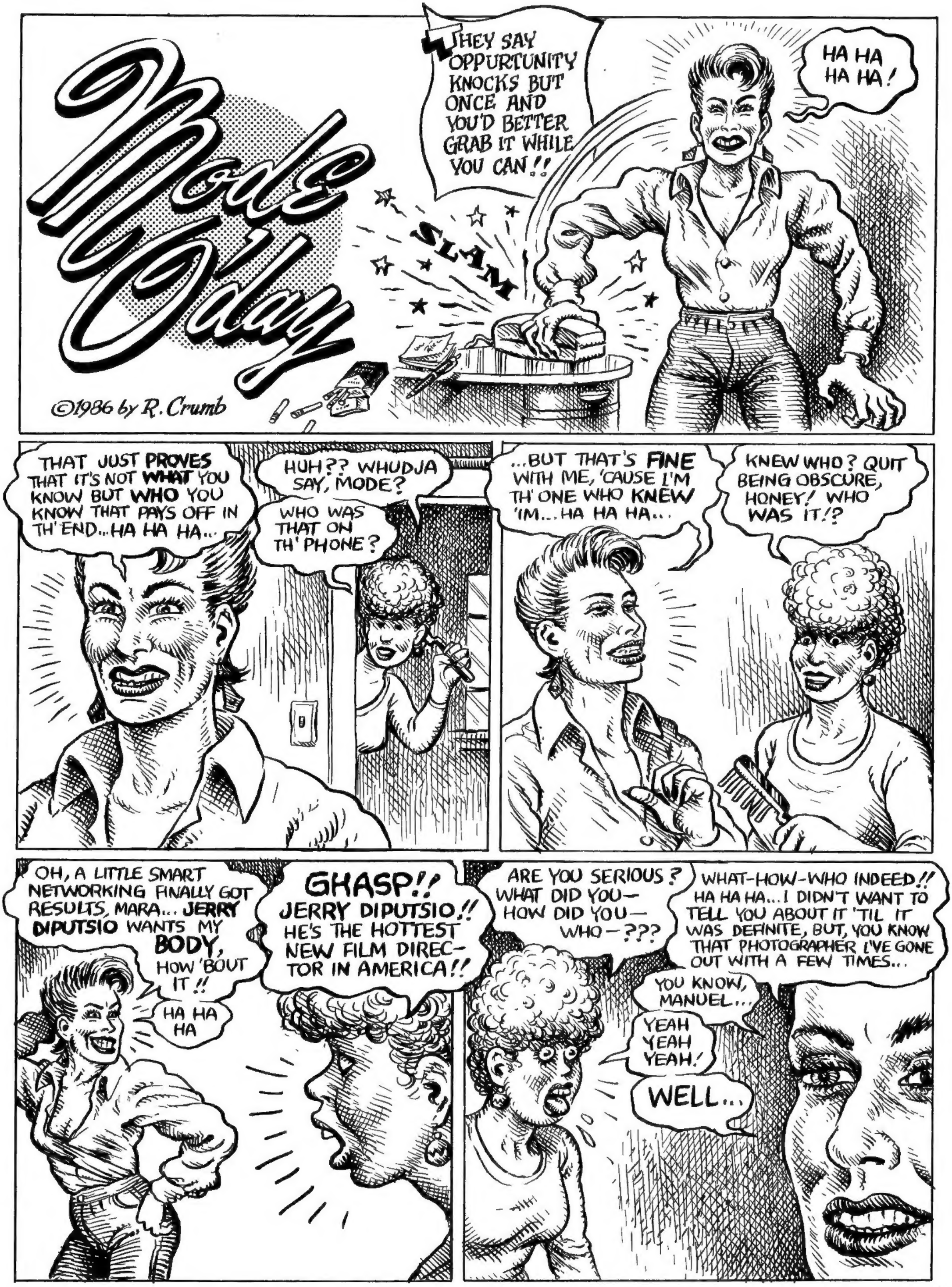
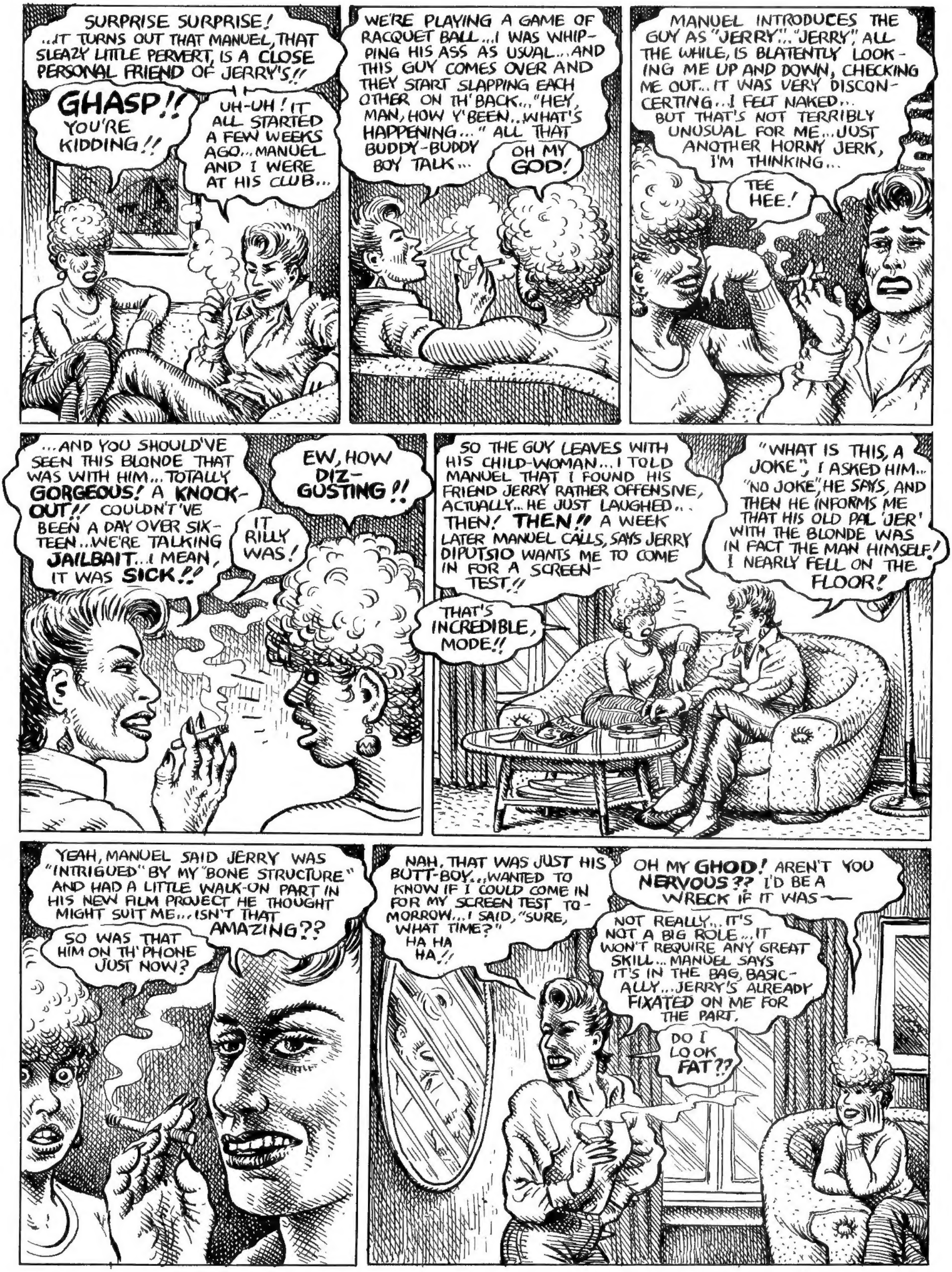
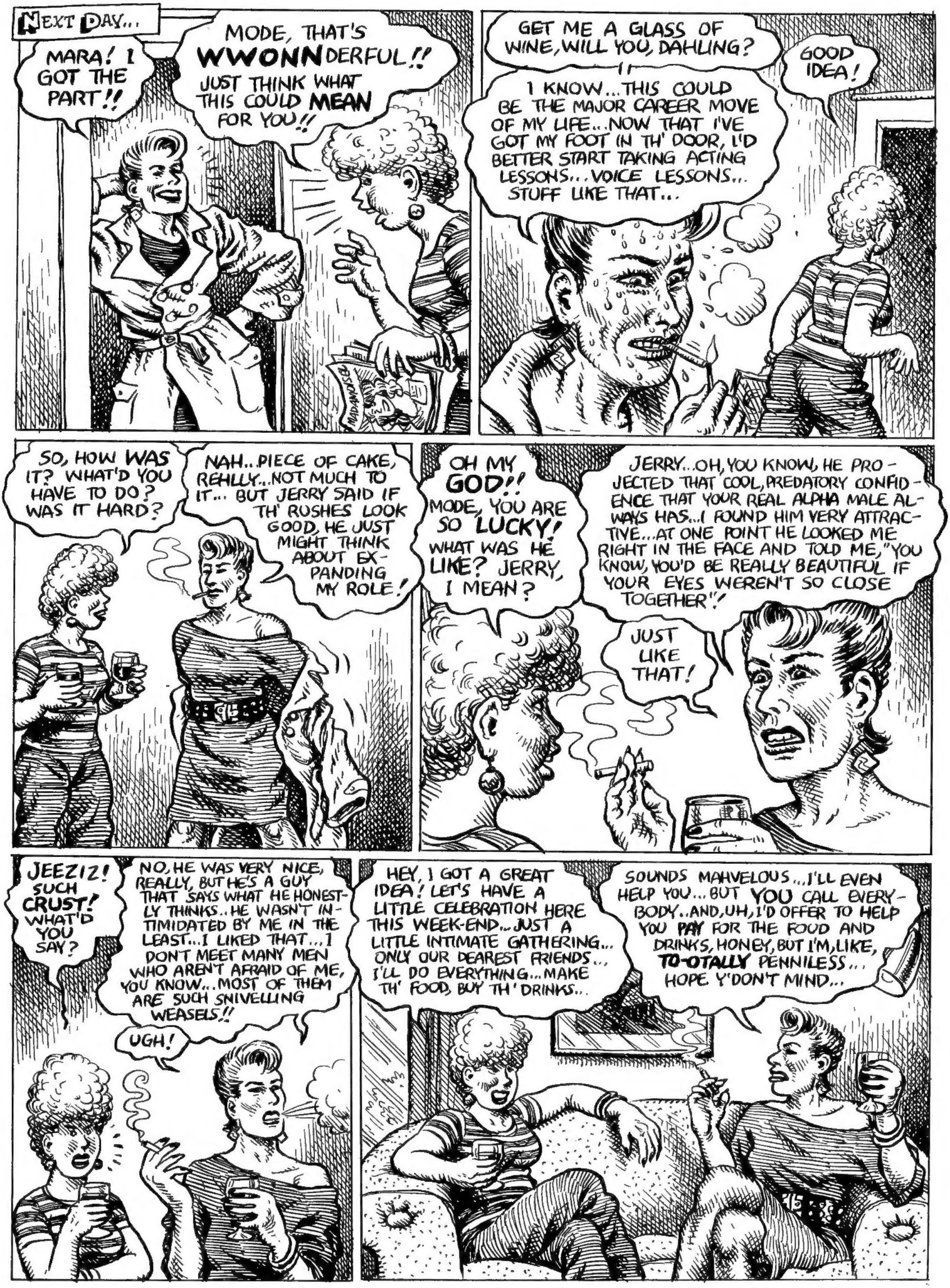
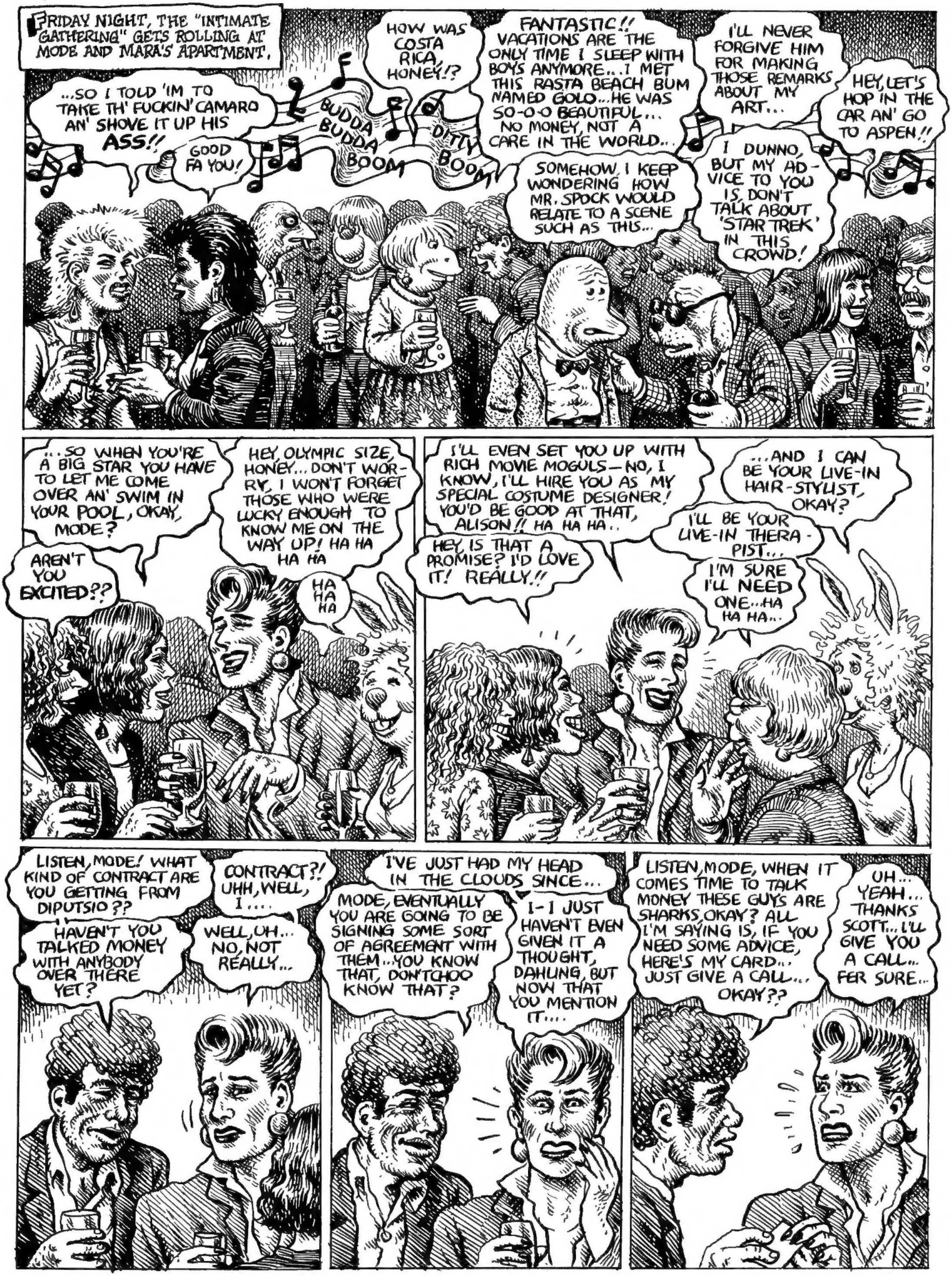
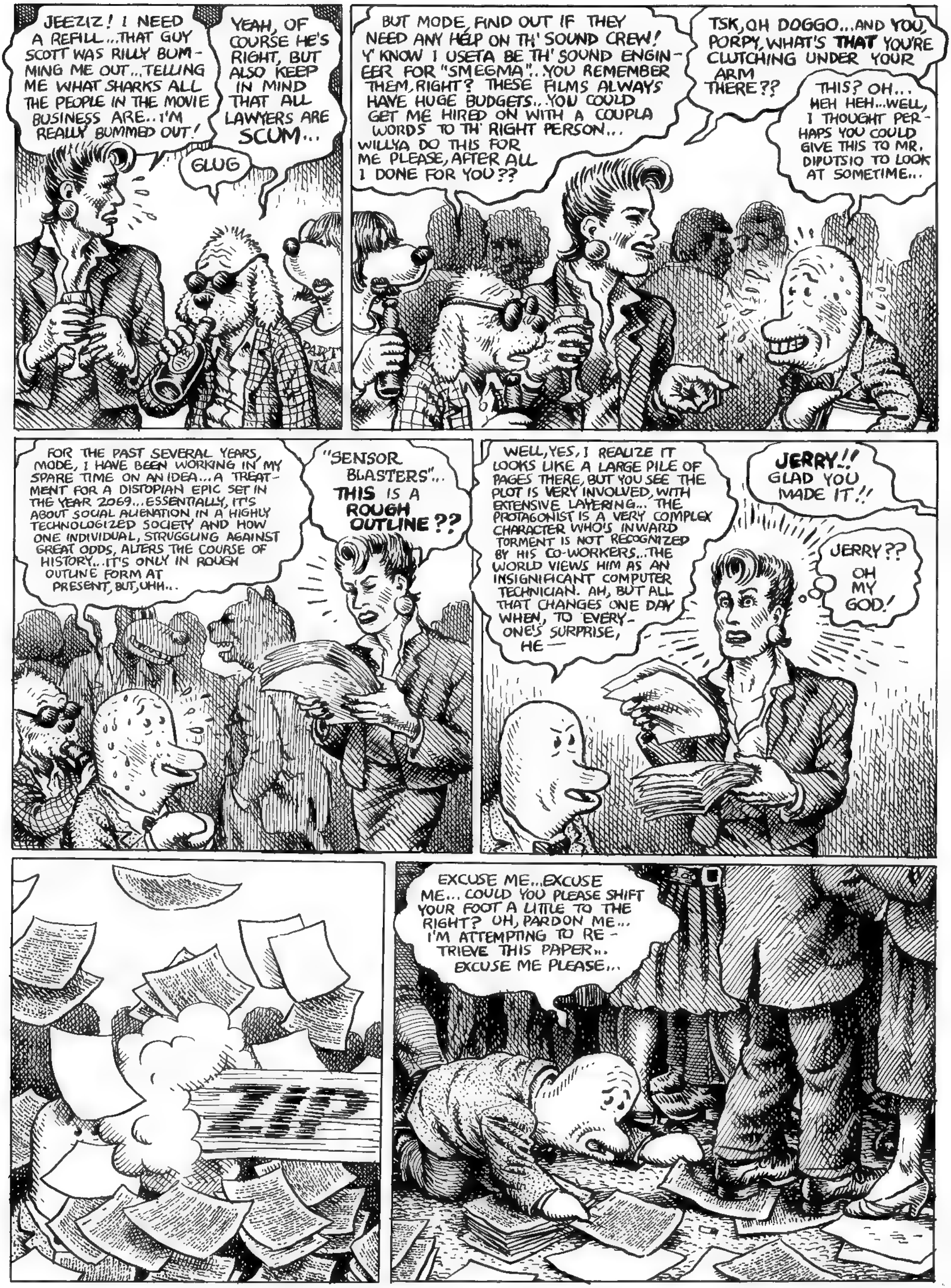
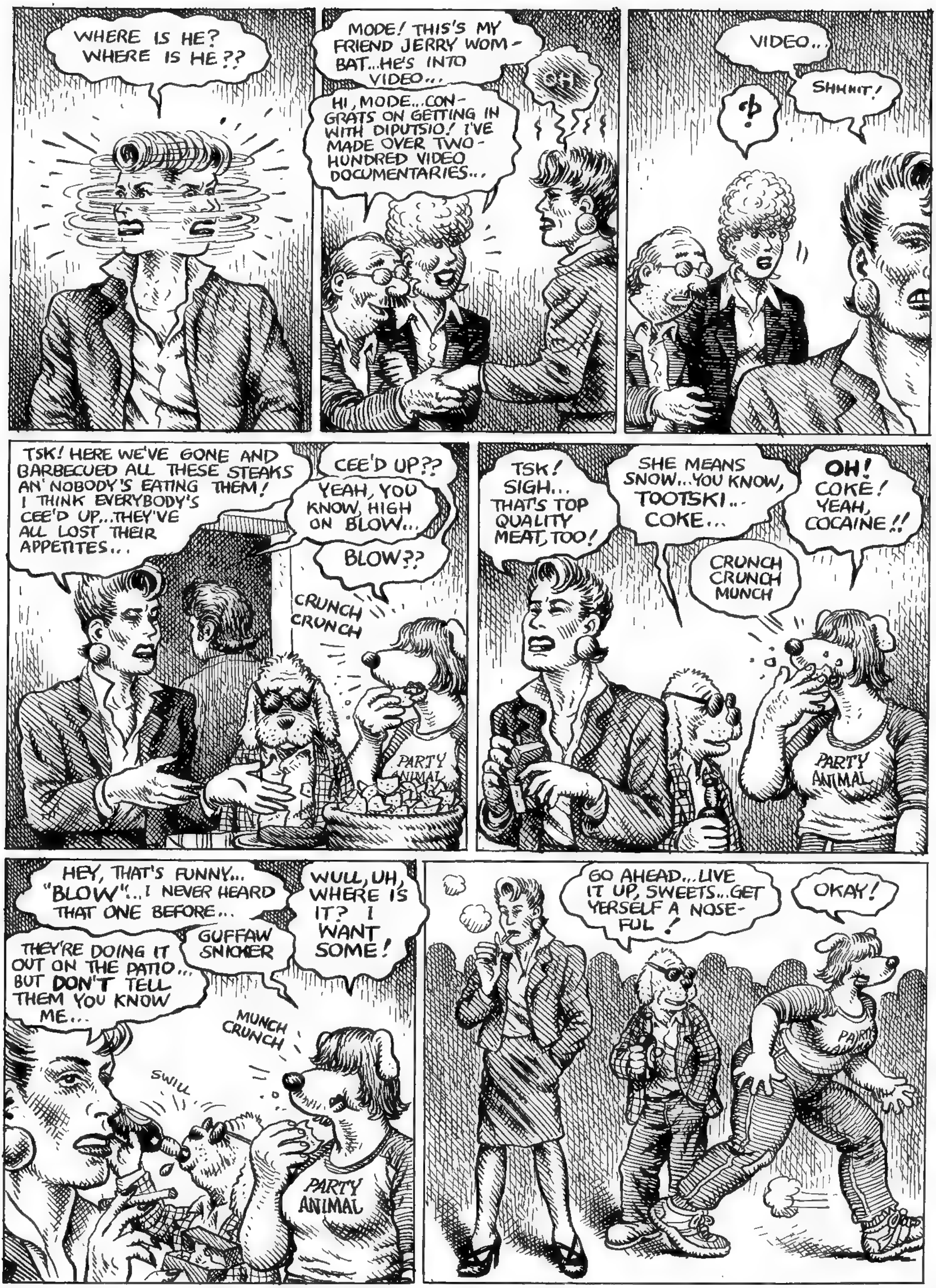

Mode O'day
©1986 by R. Crumb
THEY SAY OPPURTUNITY KNOCKS BUT ONCE AND YOU'D BETTER GRAB IT WHILE YOU CAN!!
HA HA HA HA!
SLAM
THAT JUST PROVES THAT IT'S NOT WHAT YOU KNOW BUT WHO YOU KNOW THAT PAYS OFF IN TH' END...HA HA HA...
HUH?? WHUDJA SAY, MODE?
WHO WAS THAT ON TH' PHONE?
...BUT THAT'S FINE WITH ME, 'CAUSE I'M TH' ONE WHO KNEW 'IM... HA HA HA...
KNEW WHO? QUIT BEING OBSCURE, HONEY! WHO WAS IT!?
OH, A LITTLE SMART NETWORKING FINALLY GOT RESULTS, MARA... JERRY DIPUTSIO WANTS MY BODY, HOW 'BOUT IT!!
HA HA HA
GHASP!! JERRY DIPUTSIO!! HE'S THE HOTTEST NEW FILM DIRECTOR IN AMERICA!!
ARE YOU SERIOUS? WHAT DID YOU— HOW DID YOU— WHO—???
WHAT-HOW-WHO INDEED!! HA HA HA... I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT 'TIL IT WAS DEFINITE, BUT, YOU KNOW THAT PHOTOGRAPHER I'VE GONE OUT WITH A FEW TIMES...
YOU KNOW, MANUEL...
YEAH YEAH YEAH!
WELL...

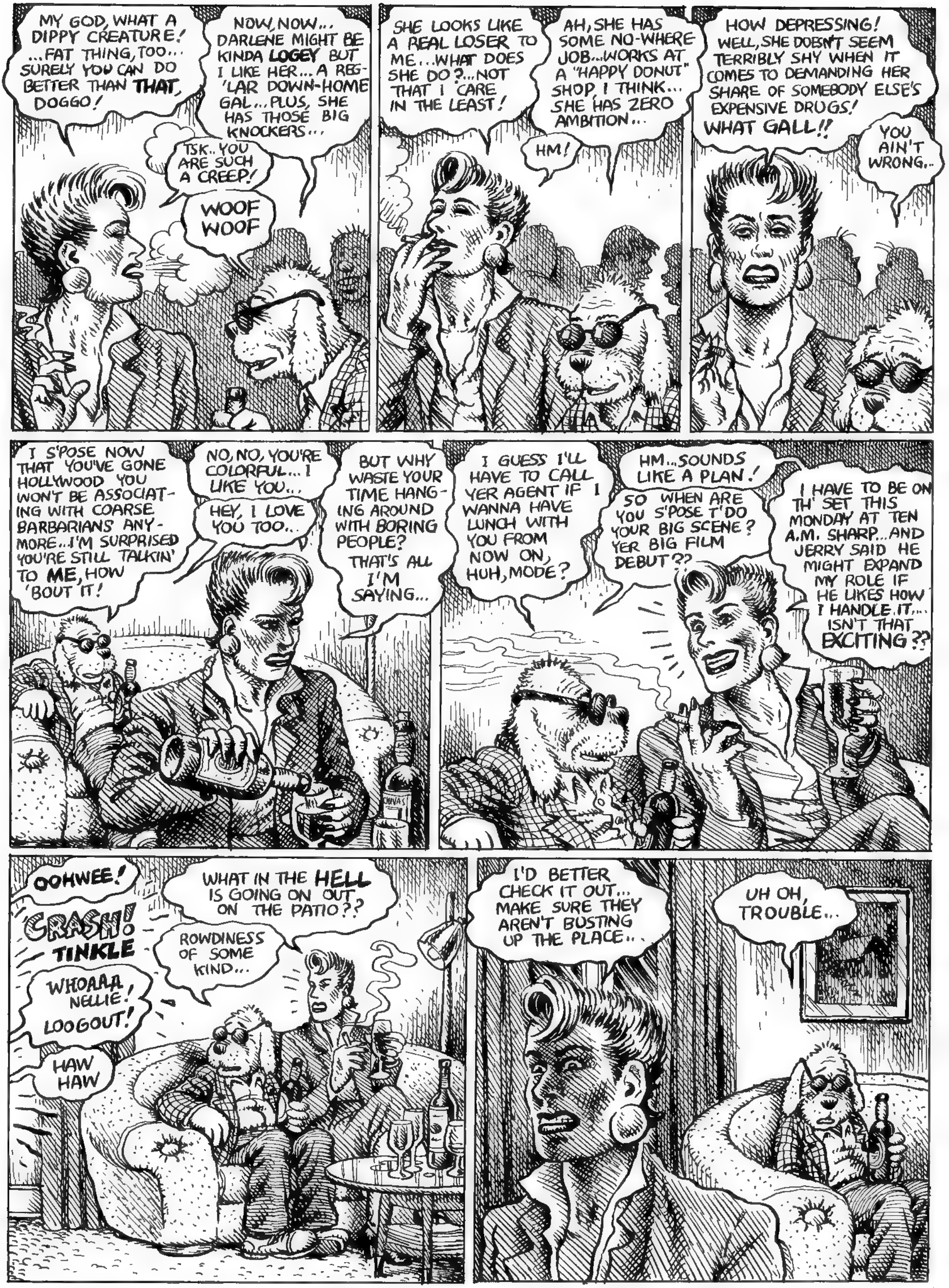

SURPRISE SURPRISE! ...IT TURNS OUT THAT MANUEL, THAT SLEAZY LITTLE PERVERT, IS A CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND OF JERRY'S!!
GHASP!! YOU'RE KIDDING!!
UH-UH! IT ALL STARTED A FEW WEEKS AGO... MANUEL AND I WERE AT HIS CLUB...
WE'RE PLAYING A GAME OF RACQUET BALL... I WAS WHIPPING HIS ASS AS USUAL... AND THIS GUY COMES OVER AND THEY START SLAPPING EACH OTHER ON TH' BACK... "HEY, MAN, HOW Y'BEEN... WHAT'S HAPPENING..." ALL THAT BUDDY-BUDDY BOY TALK...
OH MY GOD!
MANUEL INTRODUCES THE GUY AS "JERRY"... "JERRY", ALL THE WHILE, IS BLATENTLY LOOKING ME UP AND DOWN, CHECKING ME OUT... IT WAS VERY DISCONCERTING... I FELT NAKED... BUT THAT'S NOT TERRIBLY UNUSUAL FOR ME... JUST ANOTHER HORNY JERK, I'M THINKING...
TEE HEE!
...AND YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THIS BLONDE THAT WAS WITH HIM... TOTALLY GORGEOUS! A KNOCKOUT!! COULDN'T'VE BEEN A DAY OVER SIXTEEN... WE'RE TALKING JAILBAIT... I MEAN, IT WAS SICK!!
EW, HOW DIZGUSTING!!
IT RILLY WAS!
SO THE GUY LEAVES WITH HIS CHILD-WOMAN... I TOLD MANUEL THAT I FOUND HIS FRIEND JERRY RATHER OFFENSIVE, ACTUALLY... HE JUST LAUGHED... THEN! THEN!! A WEEK LATER MANUEL CALLS, SAYS JERRY DIPUTSIO WANTS ME TO COME IN FOR A SCREEN-TEST!!
THAT'S INCREDIBLE, MODE!!
"WHAT IS THIS, A JOKE", I ASKED HIM... "NO JOKE", HE SAYS, AND THEN HE INFORMS ME THAT HIS OLD PAL 'JER' WITH THE BLONDE WAS IN FACT THE MAN HIMSELF! I NEARLY FELL ON THE FLOOR!
YEAH, MANUEL SAID JERRY WAS "INTRIGUED" BY MY "BONE STRUCTURE" AND HAD A LITTLE WALK-ON PART IN HIS NEW FILM PROJECT HE THOUGHT MIGHT SUIT ME... ISN'T THAT AMAZING??
SO WAS THAT HIM ON TH' PHONE JUST NOW?
NAH, THAT WAS JUST HIS BUTT-BOY... WANTED TO KNOW IF I COULD COME IN FOR MY SCREEN TEST TOMORROW... I SAID, "SURE, WHAT TIME?" HA HA HA!!
OH MY GHOD! AREN'T YOU NERVOUS?? I'D BE A WRECK IF IT WAS—
NOT REALLY... IT'S NOT A BIG ROLE... IT WON'T REQUIRE ANY GREAT SKILL... MANUEL SAYS IT'S IN THE BAG, BASICALLY... JERRY'S ALREADY FIXATED ON ME FOR THE PART.
DO I LOOK FAT??

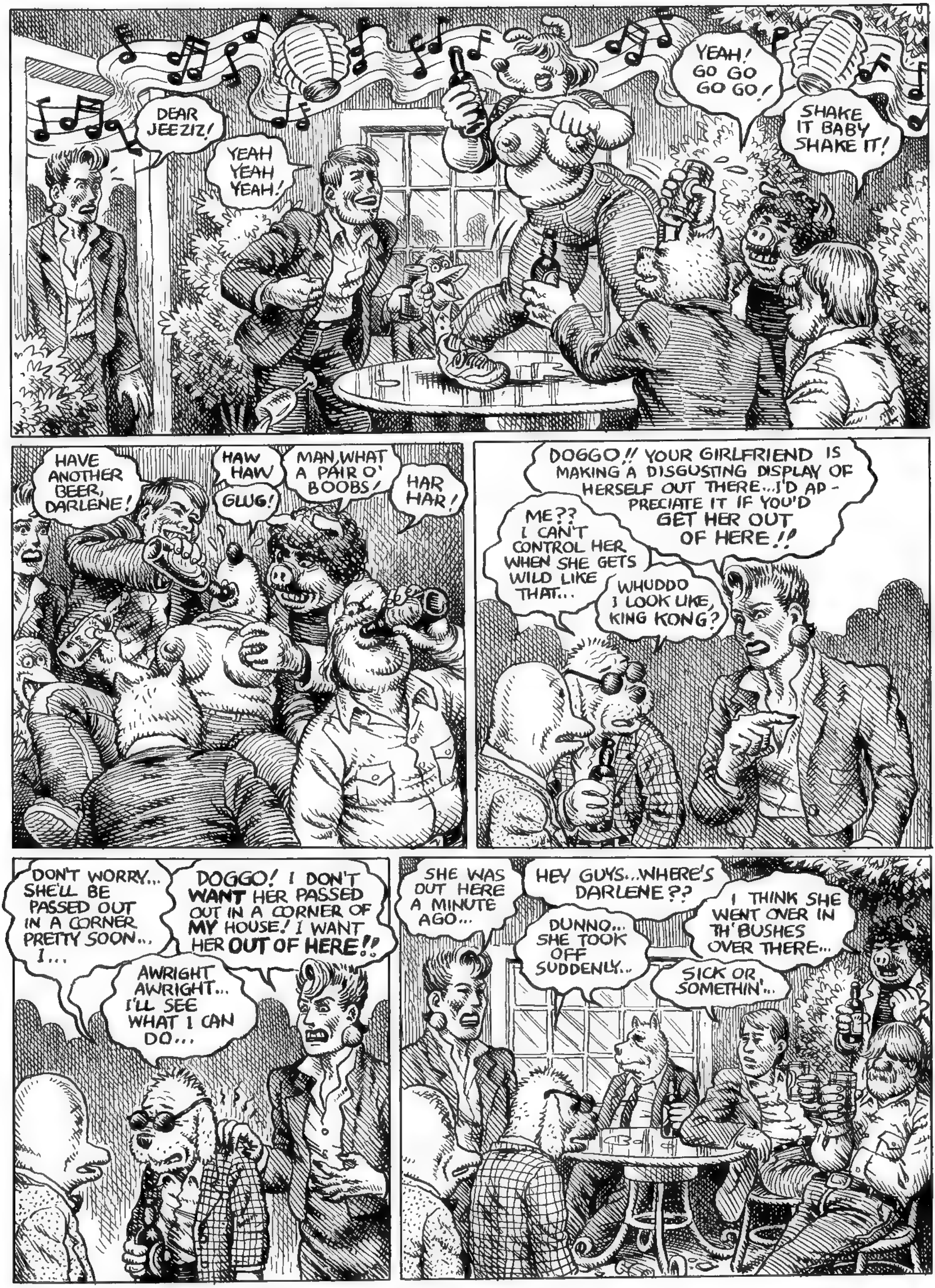

NEXT DAY...
MARA! I GOT THE PART!!
MODE, THAT'S WWONNDERFUL!! JUST THINK WHAT THIS COULD MEAN FOR YOU!!
GET ME A GLASS OF WINE, WILL YOU, DAHLING?
GOOD IDEA!
I KNOW... THIS COULD BE THE MAJOR CAREER MOVE OF MY LIFE... NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY FOOT IN TH' DOOR, I'D BETTER START TAKING ACTING LESSONS... VOICE LESSONS... STUFF LIKE THAT...
SO, HOW WAS IT? WHAT'D YOU HAVE TO DO? WAS IT HARD?
NAH.. PIECE OF CAKE, REHLLY... NOT MUCH TO IT... BUT JERRY SAID IF TH' RUSHES LOOK GOOD, HE JUST MIGHT THINK ABOUT EXPANDING MY ROLE!
OH MY GOD!! MODE, YOU ARE SO LUCKY! WHAT WAS HE LIKE? JERRY, I MEAN?
JERRY... OH, YOU KNOW, HE PROJECTED THAT COOL, PREDATORY CONFIDENCE THAT YOUR REAL ALPHA MALE ALWAYS HAS... I FOUND HIM VERY ATTRACTIVE... AT ONE POINT HE LOOKED ME RIGHT IN THE FACE AND TOLD ME, "YOU KNOW, YOU'D BE REALLY BEAUTIFUL IF YOUR EYES WEREN'T SO CLOSE TOGETHER"!
JUST LIKE THAT!
JEEZIZ! SUCH CRUST! WHAT'D YOU SAY?
NO, HE WAS VERY NICE, REALLY, BUT HE'S A GUY THAT SAYS WHAT HE HONESTLY THINKS.. HE WASN'T INTIMIDATED BY ME IN THE LEAST... I LIKED THAT... I DON'T MEET MANY MEN WHO AREN'T AFRAID OF ME, YOU KNOW... MOST OF THEM ARE SUCH SNIVELLING WEASELS!!
UGH!
HEY, I GOT A GREAT IDEA! LET'S HAVE A LITTLE CELEBRATION HERE THIS WEEK-END.. JUST A LITTLE INTIMATE GATHERING... ONLY OUR DEAREST FRIENDS... I'LL DO EVERYTHING... MAKE TH' FOOD, BUY TH' DRINKS...
SOUNDS MAHVELOUS... I'LL EVEN HELP YOU... BUT YOU CALL EVERYBODY.. AND, UH, I'D OFFER TO HELP YOU PAY FOR THE FOOD AND DRINKS, HONEY, BUT I'M, LIKE, TO-OTALLY PENNILESS... HOPE Y'DON'T MIND...

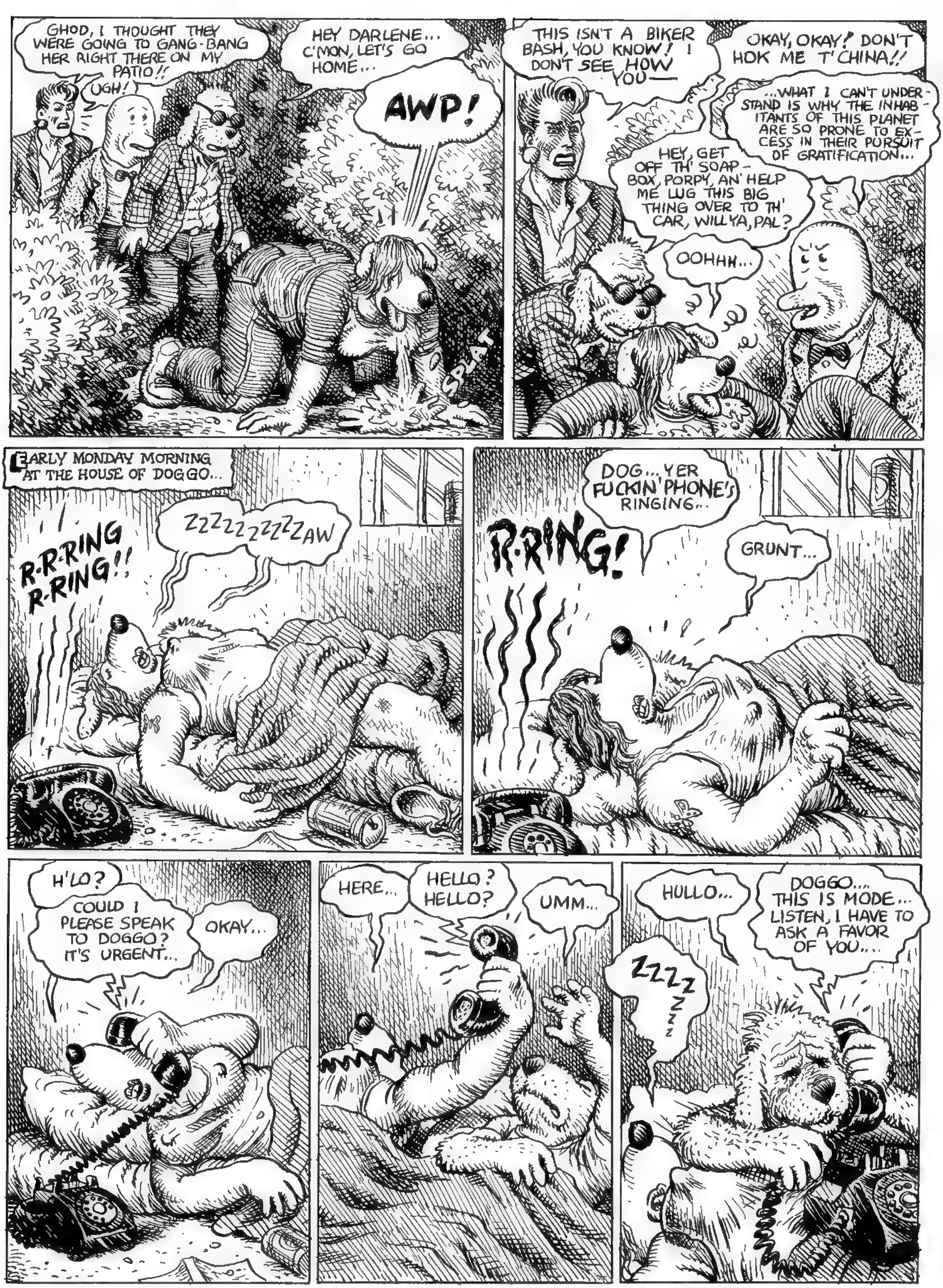

FRIDAY NIGHT, THE "INTIMATE GATHERING" GETS ROLLING AT MODE AND MARA'S APARTMENT.
...SO I TOLD 'IM TO TAKE TH' FUCKIN' CAMARO AN' SHOVE IT UP HIS **ASS!!**
GOOD FA YOU!
BUDDA BUDDA BOOM
HOW WAS COSTA RICA, HONEY!?
DITTY BOOM
FANTASTIC!! VACATIONS ARE THE ONLY TIME I SLEEP WITH BOYS ANYMORE... I MET THIS RASTA BEACH BUM NAMED GOLO... HE WAS SO-O-O BEAUTIFUL... NO MONEY, NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD...
SOMEHOW I KEEP WONDERING HOW MR. SPOCK WOULD RELATE TO A SCENE SUCH AS THIS...
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM FOR MAKING THOSE REMARKS ABOUT MY ART...
I DUNNO, BUT MY ADVICE TO YOU IS, DON'T TALK ABOUT 'STAR TREK' IN THIS CROWD!
HEY, LET'S HOP IN THE CAR AN' GO TO ASPEN!!
...SO WHEN YOU'RE A BIG STAR YOU HAVE TO LET ME COME OVER AN' SWIM IN YOUR POOL, OKAY, MODE?
AREN'T YOU **EXCITED??**
HEY, OLYMPIC SIZE, HONEY... DON'T WORRY, I WON'T FORGET THOSE WHO WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO KNOW ME ON THE WAY UP! HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA
I'LL EVEN SET YOU UP WITH RICH MOVIE MOGULS— NO, I KNOW, I'LL HIRE YOU AS MY SPECIAL COSTUME DESIGNER! YOU'D BE GOOD AT THAT, ALISON!! HA HA HA..
HEY, IS THAT A PROMISE? I'D LOVE IT! REALLY!!
...AND I CAN BE YOUR LIVE-IN HAIR-STYLIST, OKAY?
I'LL BE YOUR LIVE-IN THERAPIST...
I'M SURE I'LL NEED ONE... HA HA HA...
LISTEN, MODE! WHAT KIND OF CONTRACT ARE YOU GETTING FROM DIPUTSIO??
CONTRACT?! UHH, WELL, I....
HAVEN'T YOU TALKED MONEY WITH ANYBODY OVER THERE YET?
WELL, UH... NO, NOT REALLY...
I'VE JUST HAD MY HEAD IN THE CLOUDS SINCE...
MODE, EVENTUALLY YOU ARE GOING TO BE SIGNING SOME SORT OF AGREEMENT WITH THEM... YOU KNOW THAT, DON'TCHOO KNOW THAT?
I-I JUST HAVEN'T EVEN GIVEN IT A THOUGHT, DAHLING, BUT NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT....
LISTEN, MODE, WHEN IT COMES TIME TO TALK MONEY THESE GUYS ARE SHARKS, OKAY? ALL I'M SAYING IS, IF YOU NEED SOME ADVICE, HERE'S MY CARD... JUST GIVE A CALL... OKAY??
UH... YEAH... THANKS SCOTT... I'LL GIVE YOU A CALL... FER SURE...

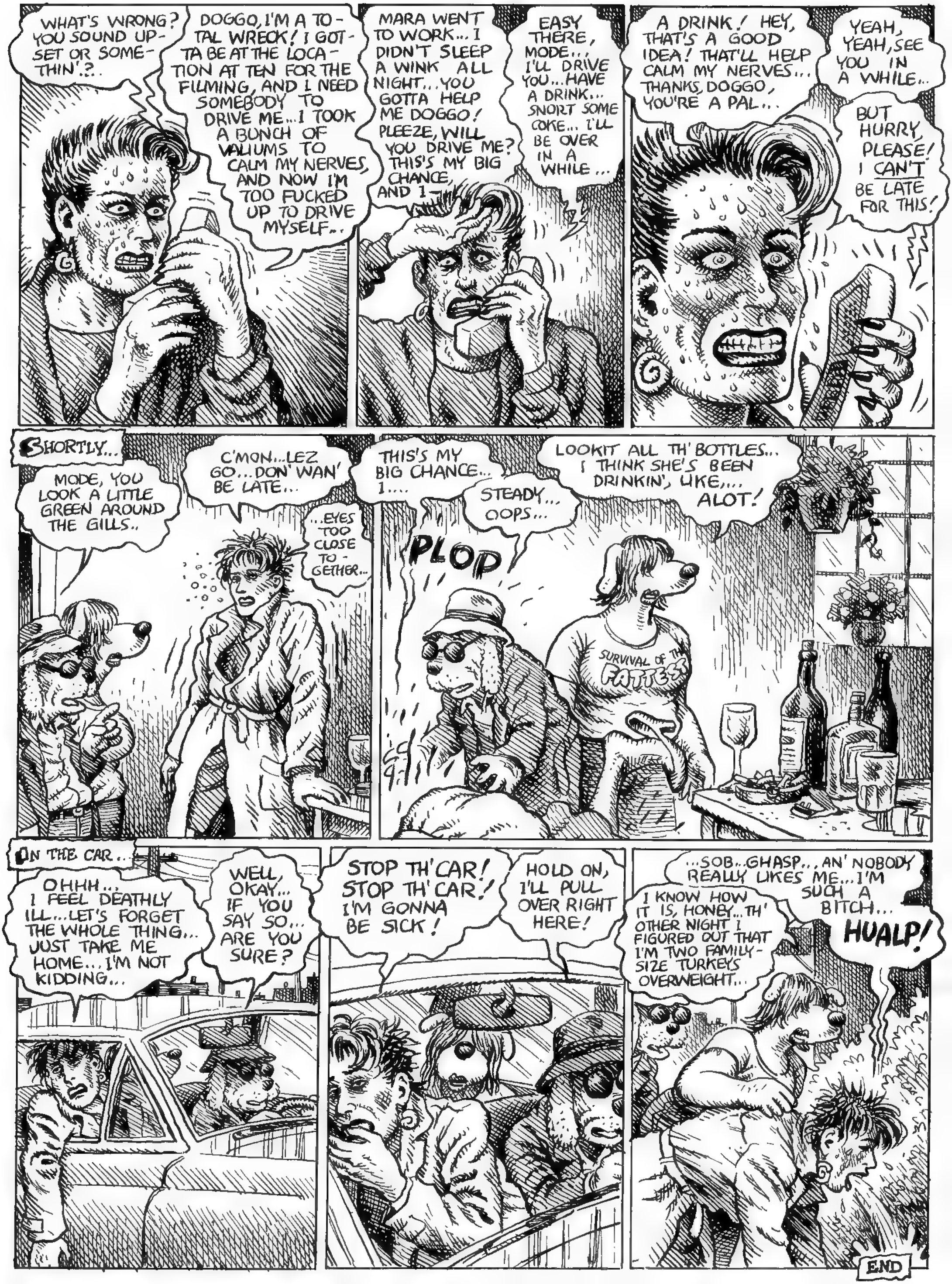

JEEZIZ! I NEED A REFILL...THAT GUY SCOTT WAS RILLY BUMMING ME OUT...TELLING ME WHAT SHARKS ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE MOVIE BUSINESS ARE...I'M REALLY BUMMED OUT!
YEAH, OF COURSE HE'S RIGHT, BUT ALSO KEEP IN MIND THAT ALL LAWYERS ARE SCUM...
GLUG
BUT MODE, FIND OUT IF THEY NEED ANY HELP ON TH' SOUND CREW! Y' KNOW I USETA BE TH' SOUND ENGINEER FOR "SMEGMA".. YOU REMEMBER THEM, RIGHT? THESE FILMS ALWAYS HAVE HUGE BUDGETS.. YOU COULD GET ME HIRED ON WITH A COUPLA WORDS TO TH' RIGHT PERSON... WILLYA DO THIS FOR ME PLEASE, AFTER ALL I DONE FOR YOU??
TSK, OH DOGGO...AND YOU, PORPY, WHAT'S **THAT** YOU'RE CLUTCHING UNDER YOUR ARM THERE??
THIS? OH... HEH HEH...WELL, I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU COULD GIVE THIS TO MR. DIPUTSIO TO LOOK AT SOMETIME...
FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS, MODE, I HAVE BEEN WORKING IN MY SPARE TIME ON AN IDEA...A TREATMENT FOR A DISTOPIAN EPIC SET IN THE YEAR 2069...ESSENTIALLY, IT'S ABOUT SOCIAL ALIENATION IN A HIGHLY TECHNOLOGIZED SOCIETY AND HOW ONE INDIVIDUAL, STRUGGLING AGAINST GREAT ODDS, ALTERS THE COURSE OF HISTORY...IT'S ONLY IN ROUGH OUTLINE FORM AT PRESENT, BUT, UHH...
"SENSOR BLASTERS".. **THIS IS A ROUGH OUTLINE??**
WELL, YES, I REALIZE IT LOOKS LIKE A LARGE PILE OF PAGES THERE, BUT YOU SEE THE PLOT IS VERY INVOLVED, WITH EXTENSIVE LAYERING... THE PROTAGONIST IS A VERY COMPLEX CHARACTER WHO'S INWARD TORMENT IS NOT RECOGNIZED BY HIS CO-WORKERS...THE WORLD VIEWS HIM AS AN INSIGNIFICANT COMPUTER TECHNICIAN. AH, BUT ALL THAT CHANGES ONE DAY WHEN, TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE, HE—
JERRY!! GLAD YOU MADE IT!!
JERRY?? OH MY GOD!
ZIP
EXCUSE ME...EXCUSE ME... COULD YOU PLEASE SHIFT YOUR FOOT A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT? OH, PARDON ME... I'M ATTEMPTING TO RETRIEVE THIS PAPER... EXCUSE ME PLEASE...


WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS HE??
MODE! THIS'S MY FRIEND JERRY WOMBAT...HE'S INTO VIDEO...
HI, MODE...CONGRATS ON GETTING IN WITH DIPUTSIO! I'VE MADE OVER TWO-HUNDRED VIDEO DOCUMENTARIES...
OH
VIDEO...
SHHHIT!
‽
TSK! HERE WE'VE GONE AND BARBECUED ALL THESE STEAKS AN' NOBODY'S EATING THEM! I THINK EVERYBODY'S CEE'D UP...THEY'VE ALL LOST THEIR APPETITES...
CEE'D UP??
YEAH, YOU KNOW, HIGH ON BLOW...
BLOW??
CRUNCH CRUNCH
PARTY ANIMAL
TSK! SIGH... THAT'S TOP QUALITY MEAT, TOO!
SHE MEANS SNOW...YOU KNOW, TOOTSKI... COKE...
OH! COKE! YEAH, COCAINE!!
CRUNCH CRUNCH MUNCH
PARTY ANIMAL
HEY, THAT'S FUNNY... "BLOW"...I NEVER HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE...
GUFFAW SNICKER
WULL, UH, WHERE IS IT? I WANT SOME!
THEY'RE DOING IT OUT ON THE PATIO... BUT DON'T TELL THEM YOU KNOW ME...
MUNCH CRUNCH
SWILL
PARTY ANIMAL
GO AHEAD...LIVE IT UP, SWEETS...GET YERSELF A NOSE-FUL!
OKAY!
PARTY ANIMAL


MY GOD, WHAT A DIPPY CREATURE! ...FAT THING, TOO... SURELY YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN **THAT**, DOGGO!
NOW, NOW... DARLENE MIGHT BE KINDA **LOGEY** BUT I LIKE HER... A REG-'LAR DOWN-HOME GAL... PLUS, SHE HAS THOSE BIG KNOCKERS...
TSK.. YOU ARE SUCH A CREEP!
WOOF WOOF
SHE LOOKS LIKE A REAL LOSER TO ME... WHAT DOES SHE DO?... NOT THAT I CARE IN THE LEAST!
AH, SHE HAS SOME NO-WHERE JOB... WORKS AT A "HAPPY DONUT" SHOP, I THINK... SHE HAS ZERO AMBITION...
HM!
HOW DEPRESSING! WELL, SHE DOESN'T SEEM TERRIBLY SHY WHEN IT COMES TO DEMANDING HER SHARE OF SOMEBODY ELSE'S EXPENSIVE DRUGS! **WHAT GALL!!**
YOU AIN'T WRONG...
I S'POSE NOW THAT YOU'VE GONE HOLLYWOOD YOU WON'T BE ASSOCIATING WITH COARSE BARBARIANS ANYMORE... I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE STILL TALKIN' TO **ME**, HOW 'BOUT IT!
NO, NO, YOU'RE COLORFUL... I LIKE YOU...
HEY, I LOVE YOU TOO...
BUT WHY WASTE YOUR TIME HANGING AROUND WITH BORING PEOPLE?
THAT'S ALL I'M SAYING...
CHIVAS
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CALL YER AGENT IF I WANNA HAVE LUNCH WITH YOU FROM NOW ON, HUH, MODE?
HM... SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN!
SO WHEN ARE YOU S'POSE T'DO YOUR BIG SCENE? YER BIG FILM DEBUT??
I HAVE TO BE ON TH' SET THIS MONDAY AT TEN A.M. SHARP... AND JERRY SAID HE MIGHT EXPAND MY ROLE IF HE LIKES HOW I HANDLE IT... ISN'T THAT **EXCITING??**
OOHWEE!
CRASH!
TINKLE
WHOAAA NELLIE!
LOOGOUT!
HAW HAW
WHAT IN THE **HELL** IS GOING ON OUT ON THE PATIO??
ROWDINESS OF SOME KIND...
I'D BETTER CHECK IT OUT... MAKE SURE THEY AREN'T BUSTING UP THE PLACE...
UH OH, TROUBLE...

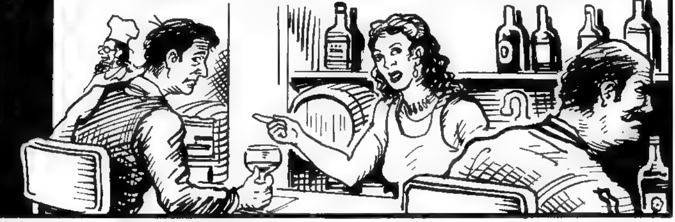

DEAR JEEZIZ!
YEAH YEAH YEAH!
YEAH! GO GO GO GO!
SHAKE IT BABY SHAKE IT!
HAVE ANOTHER BEER, DARLENE!
HAW HAW
GLUG!
MAN, WHAT A PAIR O' BOOBS!
HAR HAR!
DOGGO!! YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS MAKING A DISGUSTING DISPLAY OF HERSELF OUT THERE...I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D GET HER OUT OF HERE!!
ME?? I CAN'T CONTROL HER WHEN SHE GETS WILD LIKE THAT...
WHUDDO I LOOK LIKE, KING KONG?
DON'T WORRY... SHE'LL BE PASSED OUT IN A CORNER PRETTY SOON... I...
DOGGO! I DON'T **WANT** HER PASSED OUT IN A CORNER OF **MY** HOUSE! I WANT HER **OUT OF HERE!!**
AWRIGHT AWRIGHT... I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO...
SHE WAS OUT HERE A MINUTE AGO...
HEY GUYS...WHERE'S DARLENE??
DUNNO... SHE TOOK OFF SUDDENLY...
I THINK SHE WENT OVER IN TH' BUSHES OVER THERE...
SICK OR SOMETHIN'...


GHOD, I THOUGHT THEY WERE GOING TO GANG-BANG HER RIGHT THERE ON MY PATIO!!
UGH!
HEY DARLENE... C'MON, LET'S GO HOME...
AWP!
SPLAT
THIS ISN'T A BIKER BASH, YOU KNOW! I DON'T SEE HOW YOU—
OKAY, OKAY! DON'T HOK ME T'CHINA!!
...WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET ARE SO PRONE TO EXCESS IN THEIR PURSUIT OF GRATIFICATION...
HEY, GET OFF TH' SOAP-BOX, PORPY, AN' HELP ME LUG THIS BIG THING OVER TO TH' CAR, WILLYA, PAL?
OOHHH...
EARLY MONDAY MORNING AT THE HOUSE OF DOGGO...
R-R-RING R-RING!!
ZZZZZZZZZZAW
DOG... YER FUCKIN' PHONE'S RINGING...
R-RING!
GRUNT...
H'LO?
COULD I PLEASE SPEAK TO DOGGO? IT'S URGENT...
OKAY...
HERE...
HELLO? HELLO?
UMM...
HULLO...
DOGGO.... THIS IS MODE... LISTEN, I HAVE TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU...
ZZZZZZ


WHAT'S WRONG? YOU SOUND UPSET OR SOMETHIN'.?..
DOGGO, I'M A TOTAL WRECK! I GOTTA BE AT THE LOCATION AT TEN FOR THE FILMING, AND I NEED SOMEBODY TO DRIVE ME...I TOOK A BUNCH OF VALIUMS TO CALM MY NERVES, AND NOW I'M TOO FUCKED UP TO DRIVE MYSELF...
MARA WENT TO WORK... I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK ALL NIGHT... YOU GOTTA HELP ME DOGGO! PLEEZE, WILL YOU DRIVE ME? THIS'S MY BIG CHANCE, AND I—
EASY THERE, MODE... I'LL DRIVE YOU... HAVE A DRINK... SNORT SOME COKE... I'LL BE OVER IN A WHILE...
A DRINK! HEY, THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! THAT'LL HELP CALM MY NERVES... THANKS, DOGGO, YOU'RE A PAL...
YEAH, YEAH, SEE YOU IN A WHILE...
BUT HURRY, PLEASE! I CAN'T BE LATE FOR THIS!
SHORTLY...
MODE, YOU LOOK A LITTLE GREEN AROUND THE GILLS..
C'MON...LEZ GO...DON' WAN' BE LATE...
...EYES TOO CLOSE TOGETHER...
THIS'S MY BIG CHANCE... I....
STEADY... OOPS...
LOOKIT ALL TH' BOTTLES... I THINK SHE'S BEEN DRINKIN', LIKE,... ALOT!
PLOP
SURVIVAL OF THE FATTEST
IN THE CAR...
OHHH... I FEEL DEATHLY ILL...LET'S FORGET THE WHOLE THING... JUST TAKE ME HOME... I'M NOT KIDDING...
WELL, OKAY... IF YOU SAY SO... ARE YOU SURE?
STOP TH' CAR! STOP TH' CAR! I'M GONNA BE SICK!
HOLD ON, I'LL PULL OVER RIGHT HERE!
...SOB...GHASP..., AN' NOBODY REALLY LIKES ME...I'M SUCH A BITCH...
I KNOW HOW IT IS, HONEY...TH' OTHER NIGHT I FIGURED OUT THAT I'M TWO FAMILY-SIZE TURKEYS OVERWEIGHT...
HUALP!
END

The Second Time Around

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY JUSTIN GREEN



"You two have a lot in common."

Binky Brown looked up from his brandy to the pretty bartender, who gestured towards a middle-aged heavyset man a few stools away. He bore a faint resemblance to Karl Malden. "You're both signpainters!" she chirped, before disappearing. And yet this fellow's nose, unlike Malden's potato-sized beak, was just a tiny specimen nestled above a handlebar mustache. His heavy-lidded eyes were sunken deep in sockets arched by bushy eyebrows. A frozen, cheerless demeanor conveyed the impression of a blurry old daguerreotype photo come to life. Bink had noticed the guy earlier, staring at the mirrored wall of bottles, and had felt absolutely no desire to speak with him.

"Jack Wolf," stated the deep harsh voice with the perfunctory handshake. Binky relocated next to him and they began to discuss the eclectic trade they shared. Brown had been trying to teach himself signpainting for the last five years. Without benefit of an apprenticeship or teachers, he had made great progress, but was still barely able to claw a living from his lettering. He regarded old signpainters as celebrities and would grill them for technical advise. His youthful enthusiasm was contagious. Many an older painter had been kind enough to expound on the fine points of the vanishing craft, sensing correctly that every word was being absorbed by the inquisitive layman.

After a few rounds the two adjourned to the grill side of the bar, so that their animated discussion wouldn't be distracted by the din of TV, jukebox, or colliding billiard balls. The younger man had been all ears when the salient features of the trade, such as brush types and lettering methods, were discussed. But he was none too sure about the old pro's foray into Art History.

"Michaelangelo, Durer, Franz Hals, even Rembrandt had to paint signs at one time or another. They had to! Nobody but an artist could understand letters and space them correctly. Am I right? Well??"

The smiling lady who had introduced the two came over with another round of drinks. The speaker was temporarily eclipsed, as his listener affectionately gazed at the red-headed woman and exchanged a few pleasantries. No sooner had she turned her back, this Mr. Wolf demanded, "You ain't fallin' for that, are you?"

Binky had, in fact, been crazy about Sharon long ago. After a labyrinth of several relationships and another marriage, it looked like they were becoming closer again. He responded defensively, "Can't you see she's beautiful?"

"Sure I can, but I can also see that she can be a pain In the ass!"

Binky puzzled over how the fellow arrived at this conclusion, and became momentarily silent as he brooded on the folly of his earlier courtship. It had been a tumultuous, destructive relationship. Plus he resented this intrusion into his personal life by the presumptuous stranger.

Suddenly a bearded and bifocaled hippie cook approached the table section with a heaping platter of steaks and began serving them indiscriminately to everyone. Jack exclaimed, "What the hell is this? I didn't order no steak." The sentiment was echoed by almost everyone who received the free meat. The unwanted steaks were piled back on the tray and the chef ambled back to the kitchen. Just before he'd completed his senseless mission he was detained by the enraged bartender. While the owner was out she had nominal control of the place. Her Irish was up, which meant furrowed brows, mannish gestures, and sharp tongue.

"Why did you waste all those steaks?" she questioned, blocking the kitchen door with clenched hands on hips.

The cook shrugged and pointed to a man sitting nearby. He had a nondescript face, topped by thinning sandy hair, and sported a red-checked lumberjack coat. "He ordered steaks for everyone." The fool waved expansively, as if he were Eisenhower passing in a victory motorcade. His unfathomable generosity, however, went unappreciated by all. Apparently there had been prior incidents of bizarre behavior.

Sharon was on fire. "That's it, Ray! You're 86'ed for good!" she decreed.

"But why? I bought everyone steaks."

"You wasted your money on all that food. They never should have released you! You have to learn your lesson, so get out!"

"Fine way to treat a customer. I spent more tonight than anybody," said the spurned reveler, as he headed for the door. He stopped and wheeled around. "Just give me one more chance. I didn't mean no harm, Sharon."

His plea was in vain. He was exiled from the premises by the little lady whose powerful wrath belied her size. She slammed the door behind him and bolted it shut. She explained to the gaping onlookers that the door would be unlocked when the crazy man was gone.

Before his mother left this world, she had urged Binky to remember that all men, no matter how unfortunate, were his brothers. So he thought about this twisted soul out on the pavement, leering through the greasy window. Obediently, he put himself in the jerk's shoes. He wondered if he too would someday experience the full gamut of anger that Sharon was capable of expressing. Perhaps there would come a time when he would be "86'ed" as well.

After the hub-bub had died down, the signpainting discussion resumed, but it had lost some of its verve in the interim. The topic shifted to Jack's immediate plight. He had his entire life savings of $500 being sent from Albany, but it would take several days to clear the banks. In the meantime $150 was all the money he had with him. He had a Volkswagen in which he kept all his paint and supplies. He was living in a nearby Tenderloin hotel. There were a few job prospects, though nothing definite.

Binky had a few sign jobs lined up. He was in no position to give away work,but felt a kinship with the veteran painter. There was an unspoken symbiotic relationship. Binky's youthful energy was a necessary component to tapping Jack Wolf's technical expertise and dormant self respect. They agreed to meet the following morning at Binky's place.

He always helped Sharon close up the place. He would unplug the jukebox, stack the chairs, and turn out the lights. They would usually have a game of pool. It was a special time for them. They played under a single shaded lamp. The pool table became a stage in the deserted cavernous place. She was one of the ranking female players in the entire city. They had been high on mescaline while she had beaten all male challengers at one of the roughest Italian bars in town. Her theatrical style had drawn a cheering crowd of onlookers. Now he had her all to himself. As he witnessed her supple maneuvering, she knew that she was being adored.

As she chalked up her cue,she complimented Binky on how he'd managed to bring the depressing old man out of his shell. He shrugged as if it happened all the time, but there were few others in San Francisco that night who could have coaxed the old buzzard out of his suicidal mood. Jack was counting on him now.

She won again and they doused the light. Save for the perpetual Budweiser neon, they were plunged into darkness. He seized her from behind and kissed her neck. She broke from his embrace like a wrestler and taunted playfully, "Not tonight!" When they bolted down the door outside, a figure emerged from an alcove in the adjoining building. It was the pathetic philanthropist who had been biding his time since the expulsion.

"Hey Sharon! Could I have some of my money back? Now I ain't got nothin' left. I spend almost $100 in there!"

She wouldn't grant him so much as a reply. She grabbed Bink's hand and commanded him to run with her. That he did, to the nearby 24 hour supermarket. The crazy man tailed them there, and for a minute they played a serious game of hide and seek down the aisles. Then she got the brilliant idea of ducking into the back room and hiding among the produce boxes. From the closed circuit TV camera there,the pair watched the guy give up chase and disappear out the automatic door, cursing into the night. They chuckled and he stole another kiss.

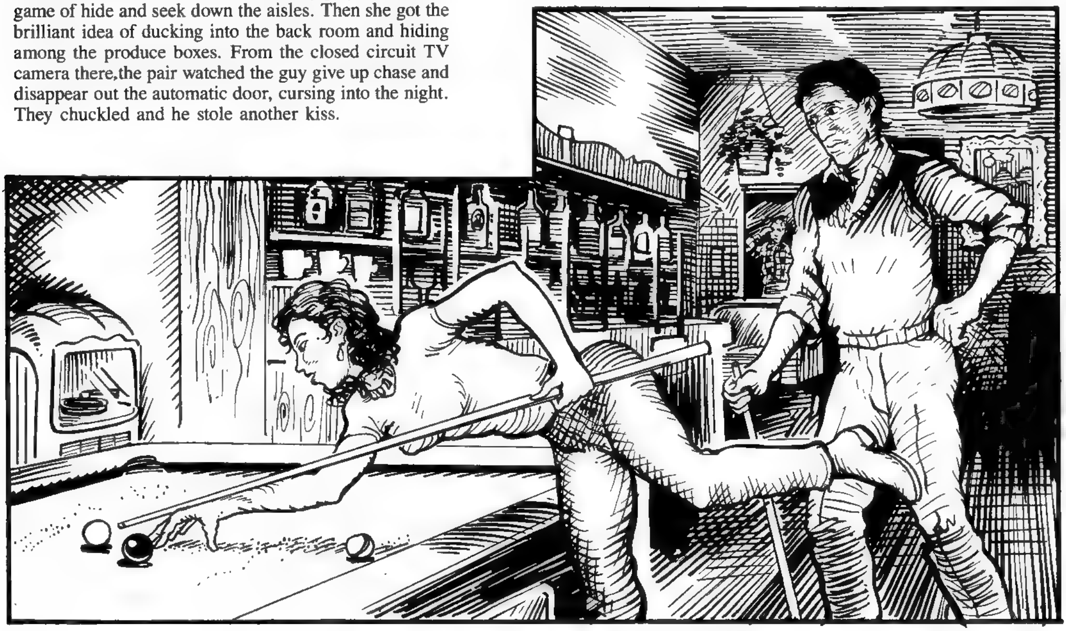
The following morning Wolf showed up at Binky's place. The bright sun picked up a few details which the murky bar lighting had forgiven. The maroon tennis jacket that the painter had worn earlier jutted out at his mid-section. It was filthy and frayed. There were gray circles under his eyes, which blinked rapidly in the harsh light. There was a strange sore on his lip and his hands shook slightly. He surveyed the grounds of Binky's studio and boomed out, "Do you realize what you got here?"

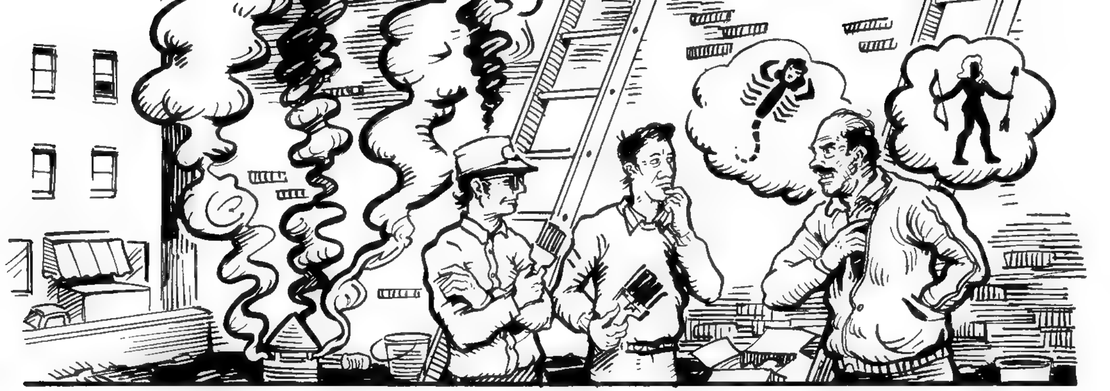
Indeed,Binky did. After his marriage dissolved,he had stumbled across a studio behind a bookstore that was being rennovated. Even though there was a huge pile of rubble in front of the little cottage where he lived, there was plenty of space to use as a work area. It was that rarest of finds—an affordable loft in one of the best parts of town. But his stay was tenuous. Eventually, the bookstore would incorporate his space. In the meantime, he was treading thin ice with the landlady, who also owned the bookstore. The brief affair with her had gone badly. As she eyed the visitor suspiciously, Binky was somewhat apologetic in his introduction.

"Susan, I'd like you to meet Jack Wolf. We'll be working together awhile."

"Fine. As long as you don't make to much noise."

When she was barely out of earshot, Wolf grunted appreciatively, "Think I couldn't fuck that?" Binky grimaced, being almost sure that the remark had been overheard. Jack's welcome was already wearing thin. He led his guest upstairs to the studio and tried to find the specifications for the day's work. As he rummaged around the workbench, Jack picked up a loaded brush and began a discourse on the art of doing food pictorials. "Do 'em quick or you lose your ass." He slapped a couple of huge burgers on Binky's easel board. They were not all that appetizing. After suffering through a hot dog and then a crudely executed pizza, Binky finally located the copy, measurements, and addresses of the clients that Jack would





be servicing. He patiently explained the details, then picked up a roller as a sign to the interloper that it was time for the both of them to get on with the day.

While Binky was coating out a sheet of plywood, Jack postponed his exit and snatched the roller from his hands. "Here. Gimme that. You're doin' it the Mickey Mouse way." He showed Binky the proper way to lay down paint and even how to remove it with a briskly turned roller. As he spread out the paint, Wolf delivered a brief history of the roller. Binky figured he was being given invaluable advice and lore, so he suspended his annoyance for a few minutes more. Then he put his foot down.

"Look, I gotta get going here, Jack. You should too."

"Yeah, sure. I get it."

The deal was that Jack was supposed to kick back 10% of his earnings to Binky for having initially sold the jobs. But since the old nomad was having financial problems, the fee was waived until things improved. After the first week, there was no more work to parcel out. Jack Wolf made many surprise visits. Much to the consternation of the landlady, he would bellow "BINKY!" at the top of his lungs from the courtyard adjacent to her shop. This would startle all the browsers into looking up from their tentative volumes. The hoarse baritone was incongruous in this genteel little neighborhood. It would have been much more at home on the open range, the shipyard, or the auction block. Because the landlady usually knew his whereabouts, Binky couldn't ignore the call. While he tried to concentrate on his own work, he would be a captive audience to the unwelcome rambler. Wolf had visions of himself as a portrait artist working in Disneyland. If that fell through, he thought he could always get free room and board from a priest back in Albany in exchange for redecorating a decaying church. Meanwhile, he did precious little to promote any kind of sign business. The $500 was always forthcoming from Albany, but some banking error had allegedly delayed the transfer of funds to California. During one of these unscheduled meetings, Binky hit on the idea of palming off the veteran on another signpainter that he knew. Then he wouldn't have to be brutally frank with Wolf. Binky knew that his friend was desperate for help and would almost certainly hire Jack on his recommendation. Maybe that would lead to other work and then the disagreeable character would be out of his life.

Sure enough, there was a grueling wall job that involved dangling a plank between 28' ladders on top of a restaurant. They were all to meet the following day at high noon on the roof. When Jack didn't show up, his friend grew impatient. Finally, he and Binky had to begin the dangerous task of setting up the ladders and plank themselves. Binky strenuously tried to avoid this kind of work. He had intended only to make the introduction, then get back to his shop, where he had a couple of menus to knock out. But soon he and his friend were perched 50' above the sidewalk. Because there was noplace to secure the ladders with safety rope, the only solution was to step nimbly and work quickly before the wind started picking up. They were just about ready to begin painting: "14 LOCATIONS TO SERVE YOU." on the brick wall in large letters, when Wolf howled up from the sidewalk,

"How the hell do you get up there?"

He should have known very well how to get up. The previous night Binky had laboriously explained the access through the rear entrance, then up a stepladder, and finally over a little fence on a lower roof. A full fifteen minutes later the tardy painter arrived with whiskey on his breath. He was totally oblivious to the seriousness of his transgression. He began comparing the sexuality of two lady friends, one a Sagitarius and the other a Scorpio. Binky was furious with him, but even in his anger was astonished that someone like Jack would believe in astrology. Binky's friend was just plain madder then hell and demanded that the old signpainter leave. He said with finality, "I don't go up ladders with people that have been drinking." Binky concurred, as Jack skulked off.

Now Binky had no choice but to help his friend finish the job. Working on brick is a tricky affair. Since thick paint cannot be made to cover a porous surface, quite a bit of thinner and oil must be added. This improves the flow considerably, but usually means risking drips. In no time at all, Binky's hands, shirt, pants, and shoes were spattered with fire engine red. The work area was directly above the exhaust fans of the restaurant's kitchen area. Since the place boasted over 50 different kinds of hamburgers, meaty smoke rose so thickly that it drown out even the toxic fumes from the enamel and solvents. Their eyes were watering severly. It was a toss-up between the rancid mayonnaise he had eaten in his luncheon tuna, the char-boiled vapors, and pure anxiety that gave the hapless Brown a sudden case of the runs. He scurried off the plank, then down the ladder, and bounded across the upper and lower roof. He stumbled onto the stepladder and hit the ground in two strides. Then he lunged for the back door, which was right near the toilet. Alas, it was bolted shut. Panic stricken and in a paroxysm of intestinal pain, he rebounded onto a little dirt hill that flanked the back of the restaurant. He curled up into a fetal position and broke out into a cold sweat. Slowly he began to sit upright and then started breathing deeply into his stomach. In this way, he prevented a terrible accident. He resolved to get Jack Wolf out of his life, no matter what it took.

But the following week, he needed him for an installation. The landlady had decided she needed a sign jutting out from her bookstore above the second story. The way she had asked, "Can you handle it?" seemed to be a direct challenge to his manhood. While anything other than a hammer and nail installation was beyond his mechanical prowess, he didn't want to appear deficient in her eyes. So he took on the difficult job, mindful that signs of that weight, height, and prominence must follow strict city codes. He swallowed his pride and called the old signman at his hotel. Wolf hadn't been around since the roof incident, and was only too willing to get back into Binky's good graces.

When the double-faced painted sign was ready to be framed and installed Jack arrived with all the proper tools and a thick roll of wire. The law required three separate support lines. The installation was an all-day affair. Holes had to be drilled above the second story through the facade of the building. In addition to the mechanical difficulty of the undertaking, it was a physical challenge to hold the sign while perched atop the extension ladder. Both the sign and the steel brace that supported it weighed almost 100 lbs. Jack was sweating like a stuck pig through the whole ordeal, but never let up because his sense of honor was at stake. After his conduct on the restaurant roof, he had to prove he was a pro again. It was truly a magnificent display of strength and know-how. When the sign was finally hung, the two signpainters surveyed it with pride and shook hands.

Just then the landlady's new boyfriend, a handsome young sculptor with curly black locks, approached jauntily down the sidewalk. He squinted up and gestured indifferently. "Too high. Much too high! Who's going to see it up there?" Jack approached the man menacingly. He grabbed him by his shirt and backed him up against a parked car. He boomed out in his inimitable bass,

"You can just SHUT UP, because you DON'T know what the hell you're talkin' about!"

Heads turned halfway down the block. The landlady pounded on her window and beckoned Binky inside the store. She pecked at her old fashioned register and the cash drawer popped out. Then she grabbed a fistful of tens and thrust them at Binky. "Give him this money and get him out of here. And I never want to see him again for any reason. Do you understand?"

What Binky understood was that if he didn't keep Wolf away he'd probably be evicted. Lots of people wanted his space. He dolefully went back out to the sidewalk. By that time Jack was apologizing to the younger man, who was more amused than intimidated. Binky then invited Jack back into the studio. He handed over the money and began sweeping his floor. There was an uneasy silence between them. Finally the moment of truth could no longer be dodged. In a voice as devoid of emotion as possible, he lowered the boom.

"Jack, I appreciate the work you did today. It was pretty amazing to see you out there doing your best."

"I haven't had a drink for two days."

"Hey, that's great. I was worried about you. But listen, there's something I gotta say."

"Yeah?"

"See, I have a lot of money worries, and I can't be giving you work anymore. I feel like it's a one-way street with you. I want you to sell some signs for me to paint."

"I get it."

"And another thing, I can't have you dropping around here anymore. I have lots of projects I'm working on, and I need privacy. I don't even have time to see my close friends anymore."

"Sure, I get it."

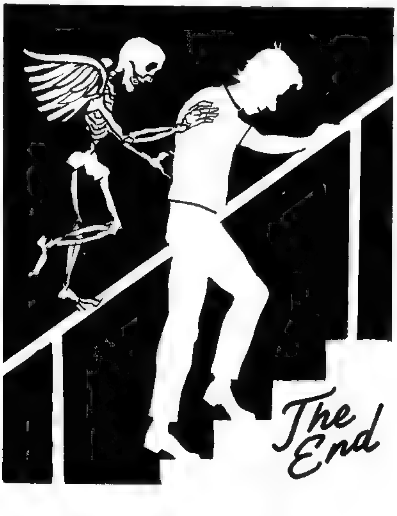
"And by the way, that was the landlady's boyfriend you roughed up out there. You're lucky she didn't call the police."

"And now you're doin' her dirtywork. I see, O.K., I'll go."

He stood foreshortened at the bottom of the stairs cast in shadow with toolkit in hand. Binky looked down at him and knew they would never meet again.

That is, in the flesh. It seems that Binky borrowed a thousand dollars from a prosperous client, against future work, to finance a move with Sharon into a cozy little bungalow out near the ocean. Within three weeks after they set up house, the relationship blew up in his face. What was not right years earlier couldn't be magically transmuted into legitimacy by time. After a serious of petty quarrels, her full bar-room temper became unleashed. Jack Wolf's sardonic prediction about the woman was uncannily accurate. Whether he was 86'ed by her, or he was the one who was leaving, made no difference. He chose the first hotel he could find. It was depressing, but after the disastrous experiment his heart was free.

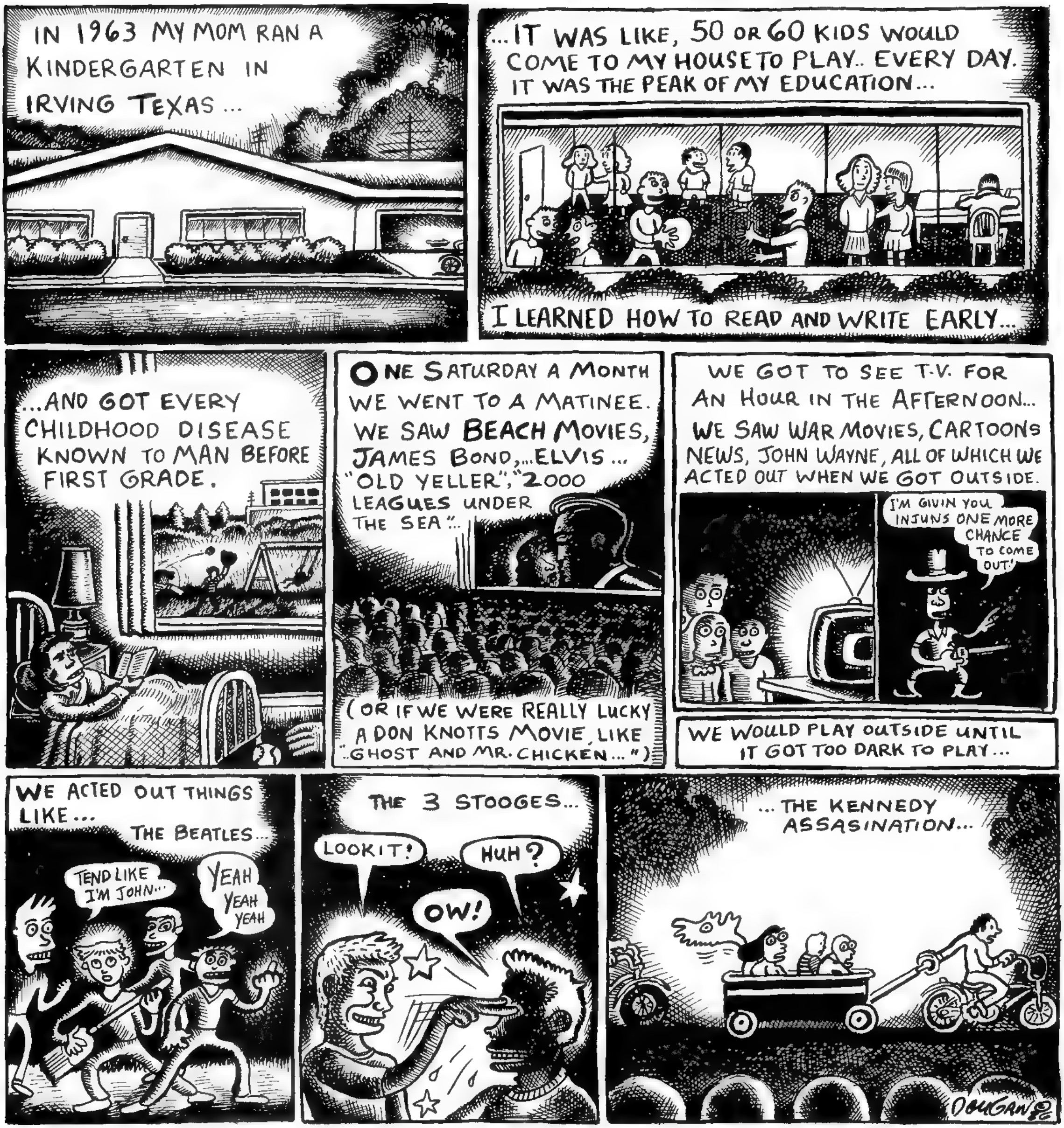
One night at the hotel, the fire alarm sounded. Since it was located in the hallway directly opposite his room, the noise was deafening. He automatically lurched out of bed and jumped into his pants. Because the elevator is off limits during a hotel fire, he took the well-worn carpeted stairs down six flights. He had zoomed down at first, but with each new floor, more disturbed roomers took to the stairs. By the second floor, the mass exile had slowed to a snail's pace. He looked down at the balding domes and well creased necks of the crowd. There was an edge of panic, as everyone dreaded the possibility of being trapped on the stairway during a fire. Finally, the irritable throng emptied out into the lobby. He looked about at the others. Many were middle-aged men with dirty basketball t-shirts over pot bellies, unshaven and scowling. It turned out to be a false alarm—just a little smoking accident on the fourth floor. As he turned to head up the stairs, Binky absent mindedly felt the stubble on his jowls. When he hit the second story, he felt quite suddenly that his youth was officially over. He stopped in his tracks and held on to the bannister. This was the hotel where Jack Wolf used to stay.

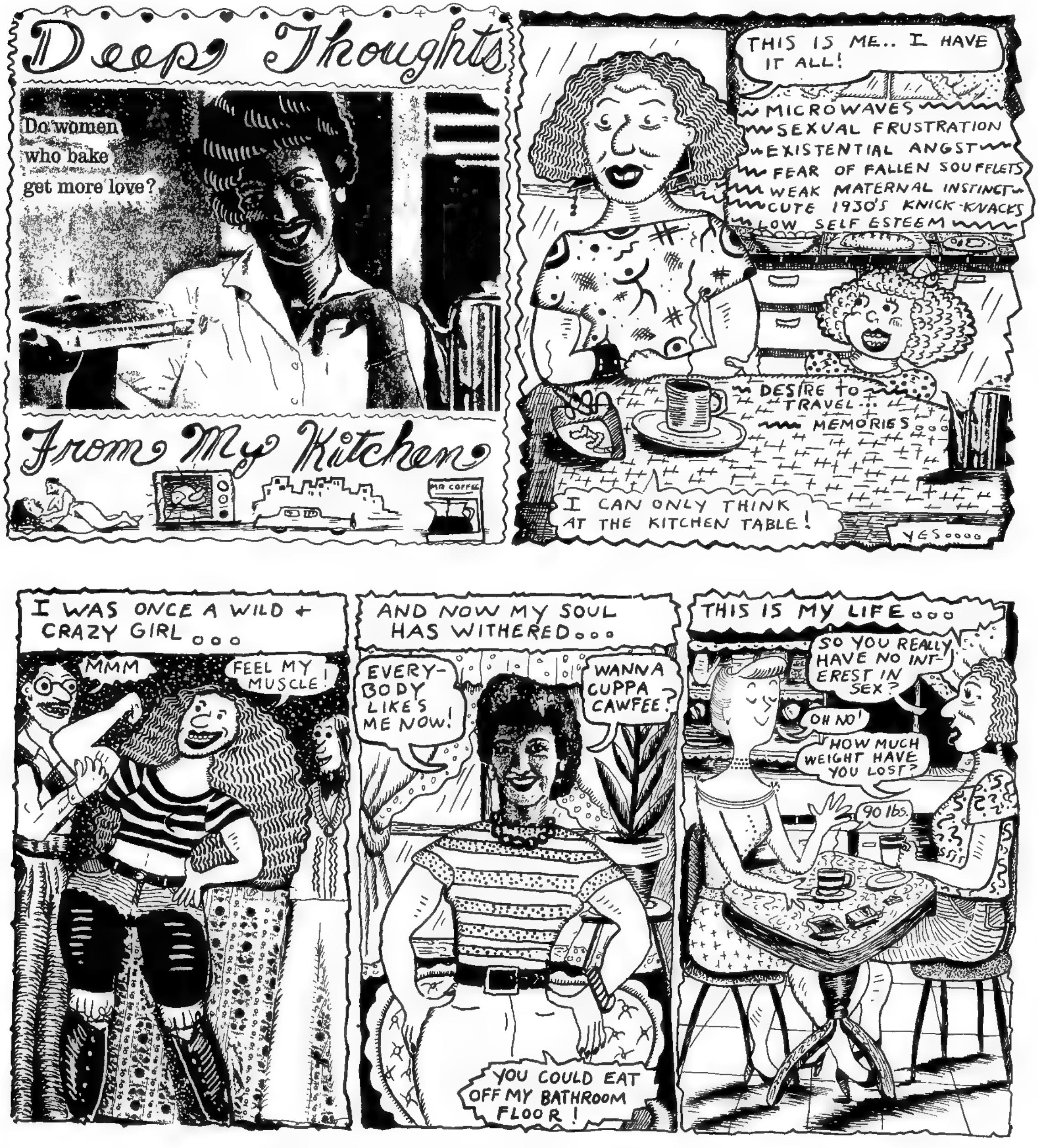


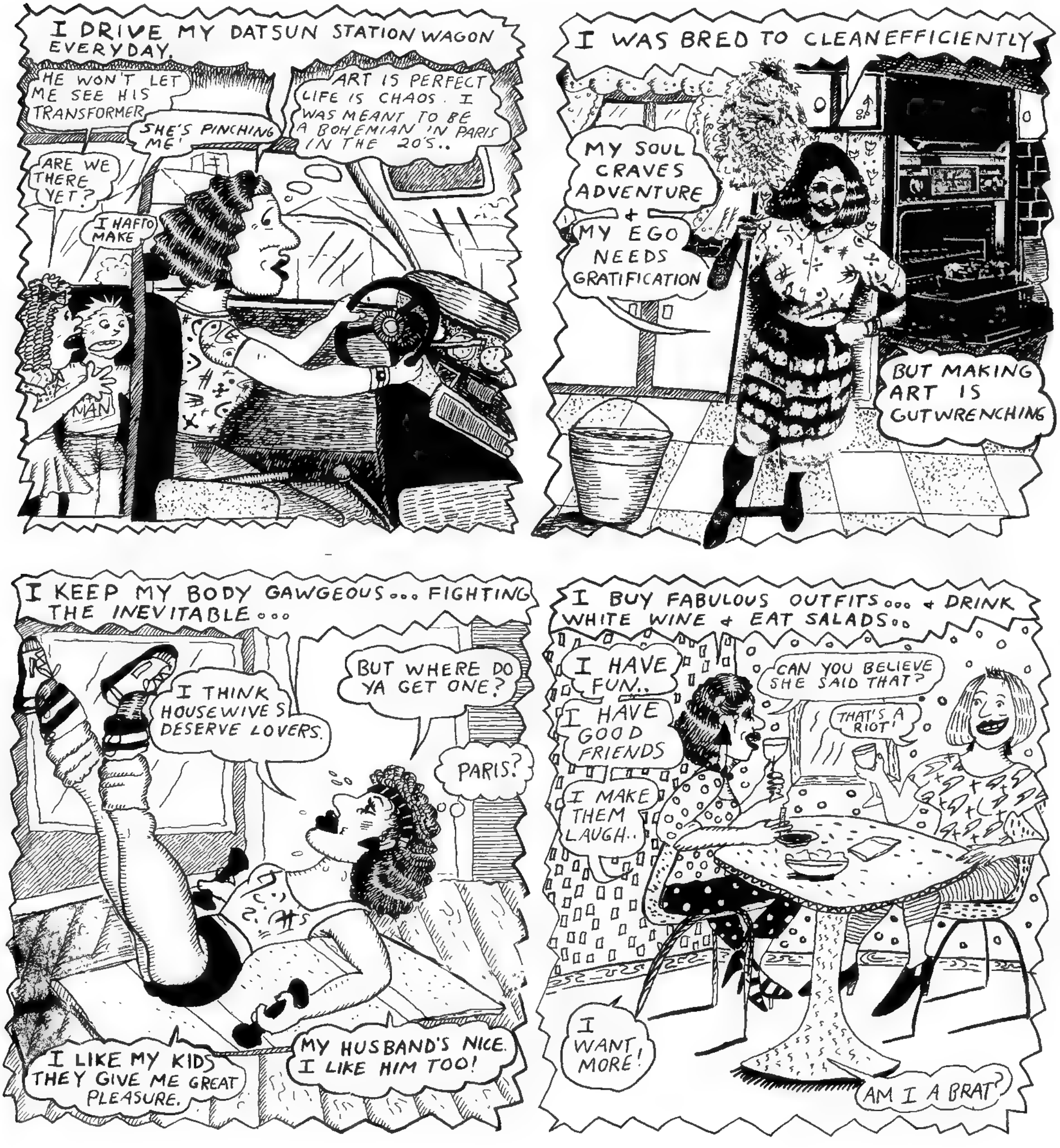
EAST TEXAS

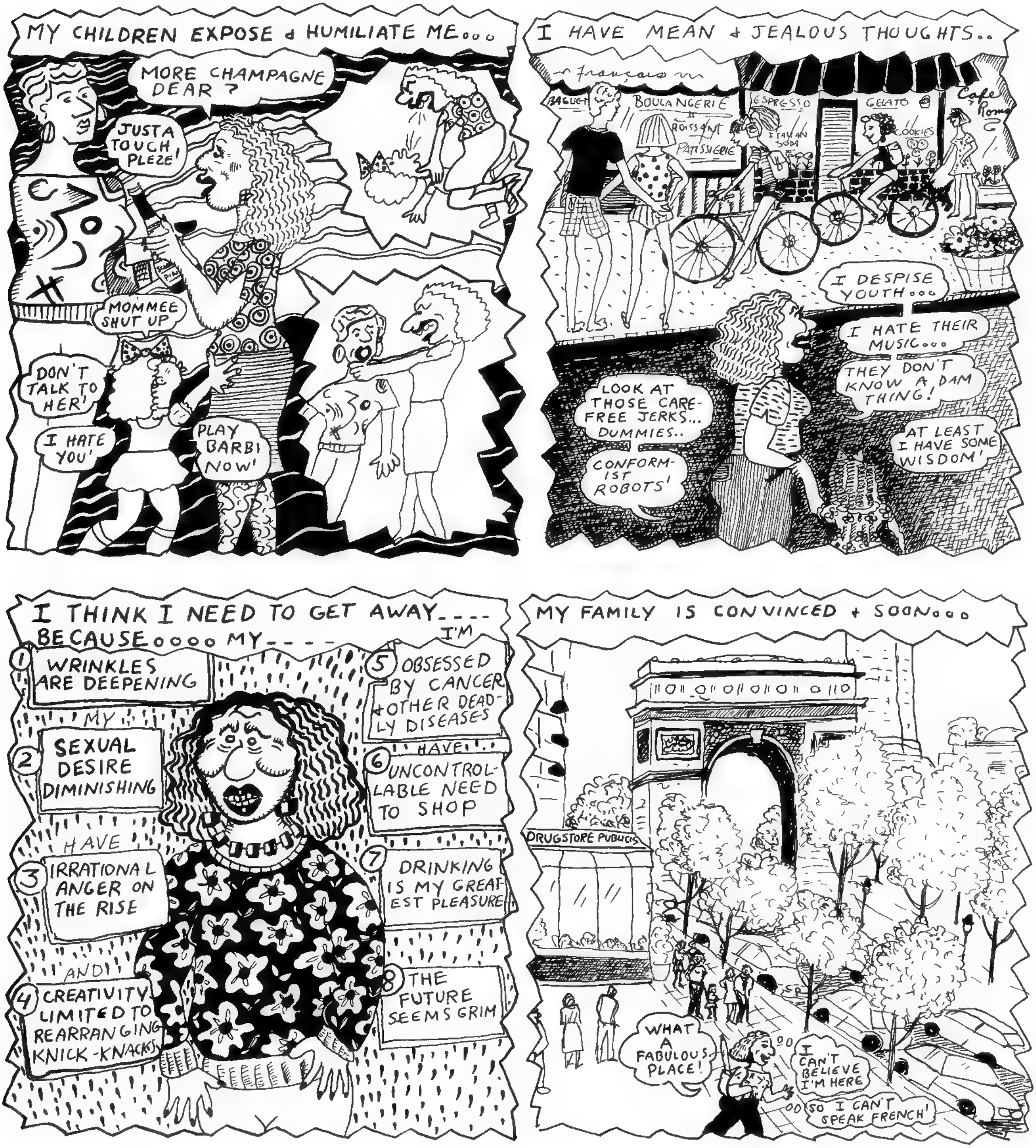
...WHERE THE HUMIDITY MAKES EVERYTHING MOVE ... JUST A LITTLE BIT SLOWER...

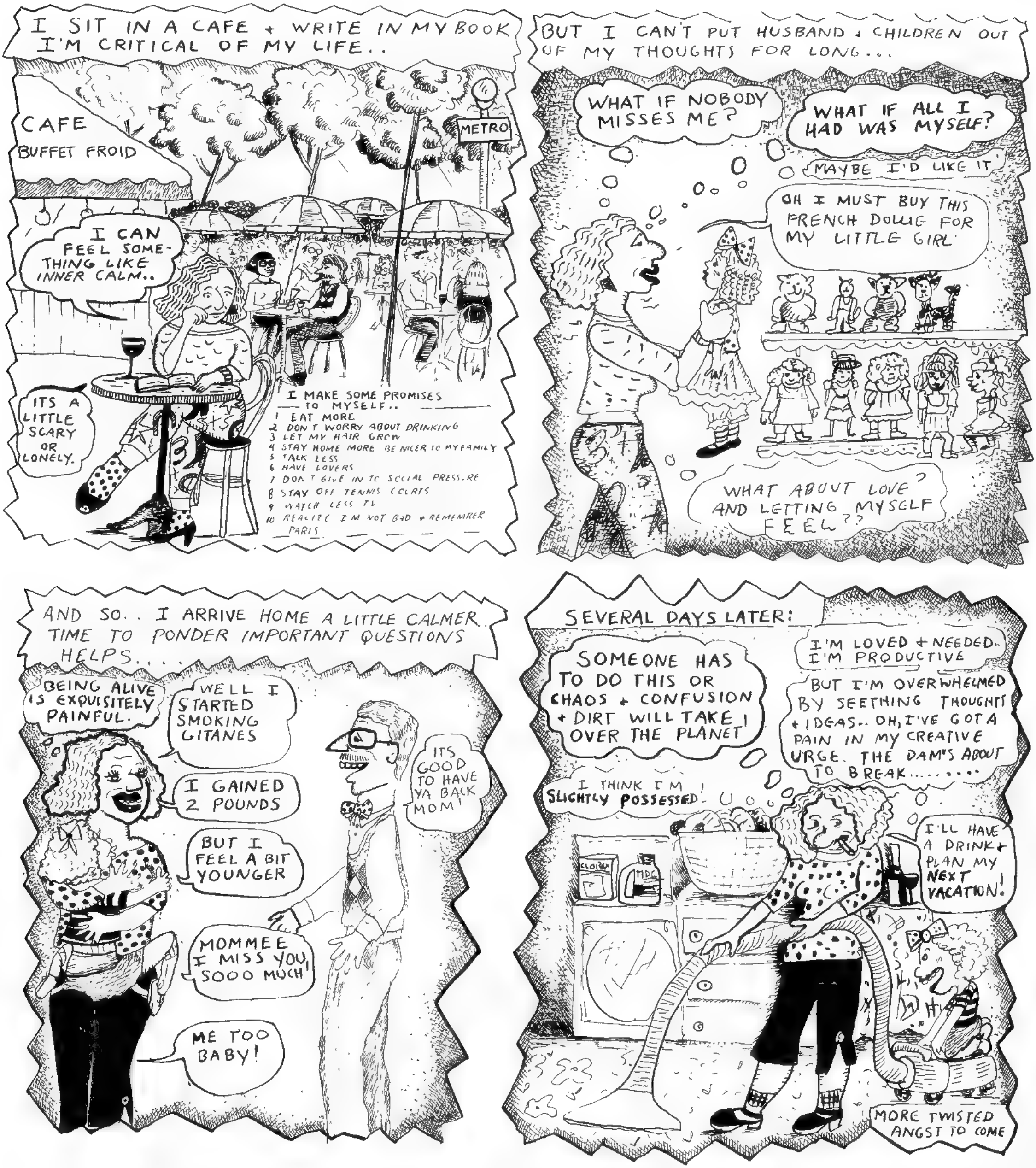
"I REMEMBER THE 60'S"

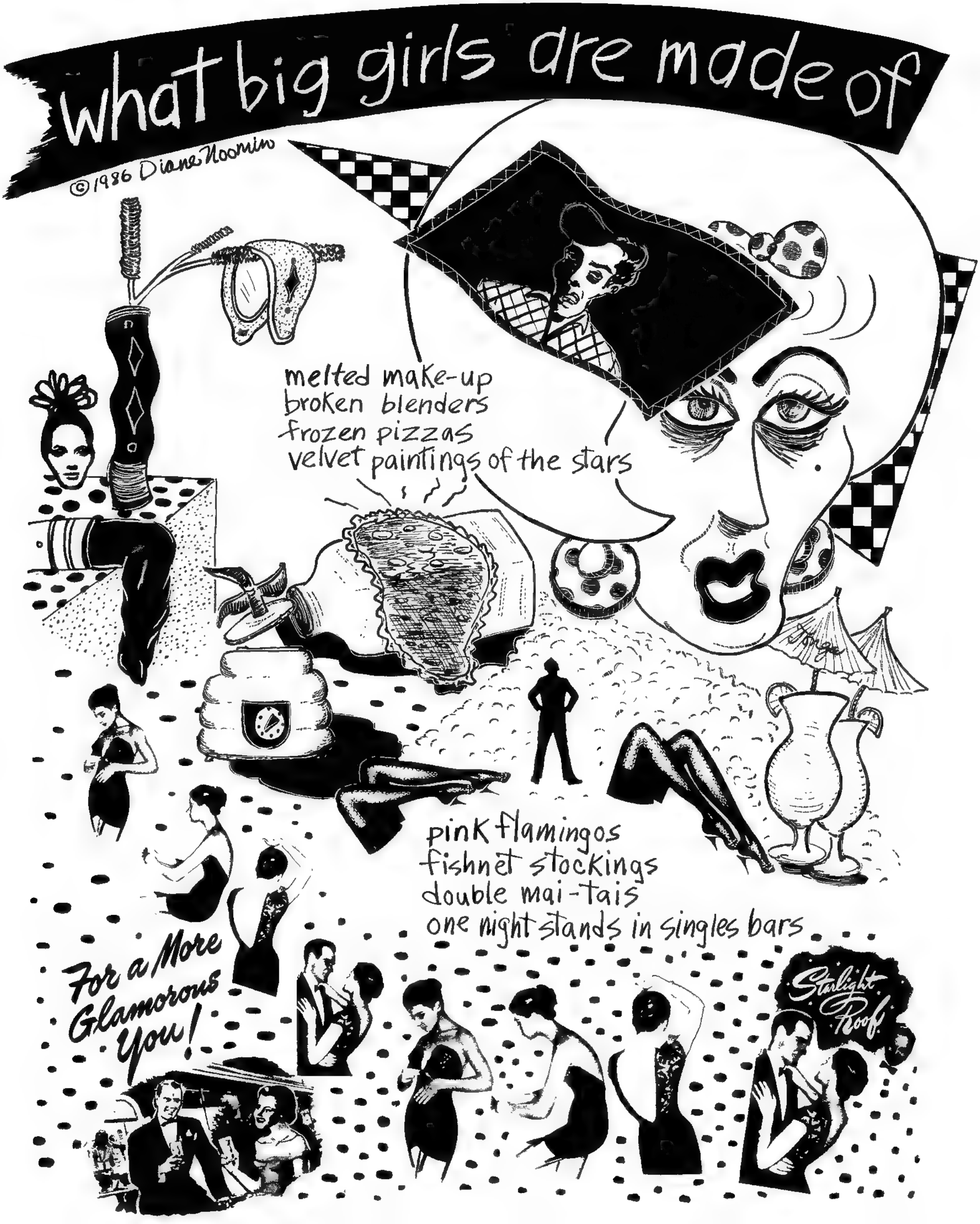

IN 1963 MY MOM RAN A KINDERGARTEN IN IRVING TEXAS ...
...IT WAS LIKE, 50 OR 60 KIDS WOULD COME TO MY HOUSE TO PLAY.. EVERY DAY. IT WAS THE PEAK OF MY EDUCATION...
I LEARNED HOW TO READ AND WRITE EARLY...
...AND GOT EVERY CHILDHOOD DISEASE KNOWN TO MAN BEFORE FIRST GRADE.
ONE SATURDAY A MONTH WE WENT TO A MATINEE. WE SAW BEACH MOVIES, JAMES BOND,...ELVIS ... "OLD YELLER", "2000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA"...
(OR IF WE WERE REALLY LUCKY A DON KNOTTS MOVIE, LIKE "GHOST AND MR. CHICKEN ...")
WE GOT TO SEE T.V. FOR AN HOUR IN THE AFTERNOON... WE SAW WAR MOVIES, CARTOONS NEWS, JOHN WAYNE, ALL OF WHICH WE ACTED OUT WHEN WE GOT OUTSIDE.
I'M GIVIN YOU INJUNS ONE MORE CHANCE TO COME OUT!
WE WOULD PLAY OUTSIDE UNTIL IT GOT TOO DARK TO PLAY...
WE ACTED OUT THINGS LIKE... THE BEATLES...
TEND LIKE I'M JOHN...
YEAH YEAH YEAH
THE 3 STOOGES...
LOOKIT!
HUH?
OW!
... THE KENNEDY ASSASINATION...
DOUGAN ©86

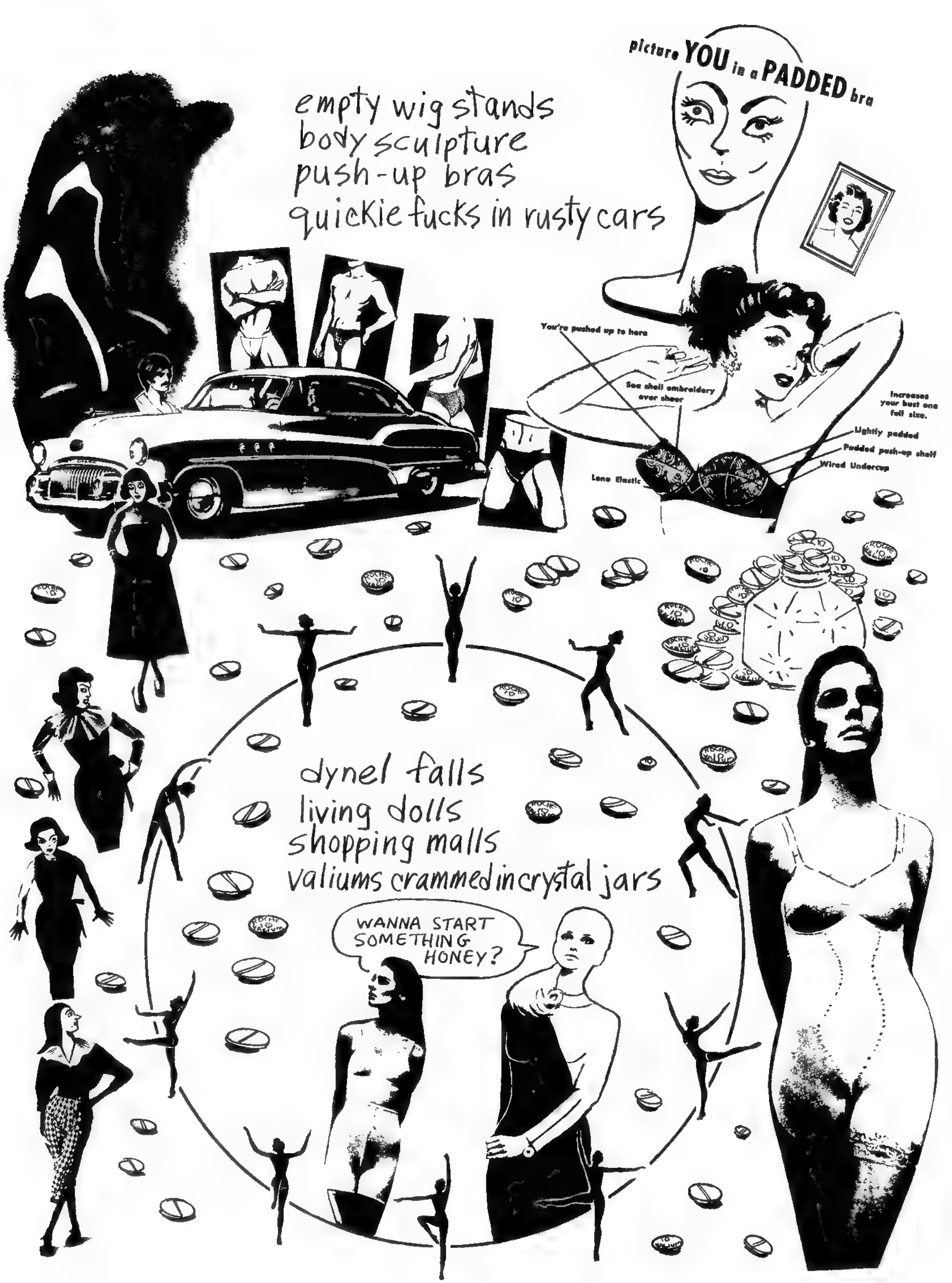

Deep Thoughts
Do women who bake get more love?
From My Kitchen
MR COFFEE
THIS IS ME.. I HAVE IT ALL!
MICROWAVES
SEXUAL FRUSTRATION
EXISTENTIAL ANGST
FEAR OF FALLEN SOUFFLETS
WEAK MATERNAL INSTINCT
CUTE 1930'S KNICK-KNACKS
LOW SELF ESTEEM
DESIRE TO TRAVEL
MEMORIES...
I CAN ONLY THINK AT THE KITCHEN TABLE!
YES....
I WAS ONCE A WILD + CRAZY GIRL...
MMM
FEEL MY MUSCLE!
AND NOW MY SOUL HAS WITHERED...
EVERY-BODY LIKES ME NOW!
WANNA CUPPA CAWFEE?
YOU COULD EAT OFF MY BATHROOM FLOOR!
THIS IS MY LIFE...
SO YOU REALLY HAVE NO INT-EREST IN SEX?
OH NO!
HOW MUCH WEIGHT HAVE YOU LOST?
90 lbs.


I DRIVE MY DATSUN STATION WAGON EVERYDAY.
HE WON'T LET ME SEE HIS TRANSFORMER
SHE'S PINCHING ME!
ARE WE THERE YET?
I HAFTO MAKE
ART IS PERFECT LIFE IS CHAOS. I WAS MEANT TO BE A BOHEMIAN IN PARIS IN THE 20'S..
MAN
I WAS BRED TO CLEAN EFFICIENTLY
MY SOUL CRAVES ADVENTURE + MY EGO NEEDS GRATIFICATION
BUT MAKING ART IS GUTWRENCHING
I KEEP MY BODY GAWGEOUS... FIGHTING THE INEVITABLE...
I THINK HOUSEWIVES DESERVE LOVERS.
BUT WHERE DO YA GET ONE?
PARIS?
I LIKE MY KIDS THEY GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE.
MY HUSBAND'S NICE. I LIKE HIM TOO!
I BUY FABULOUS OUTFITS... + DRINK WHITE WINE + EAT SALADS..
I HAVE FUN..
I HAVE GOOD FRIENDS
I MAKE THEM LAUGH..
CAN YOU BELIEVE SHE SAID THAT?
THAT'S A RIOT!
I WANT MORE!
AM I A BRAT?


MY CHILDREN EXPOSE & HUMILIATE ME...
MORE CHAMPAGNE DEAR?
JUSTA TOUCH PLEZE!
MOMMEE SHUT UP
DON'T TALK TO HER!
I HATE YOU!
PLAY BARBI NOW!
I HAVE MEAN & JEALOUS THOUGHTS..
francais
BAGUETTE
BOULANGERIE
CROISSANT
PATISSERIE
ESPRESSO
ITALIAN SODA
GELATO
COOKIES
Cafe Roma
I DESPISE YOUTH...
I HATE THEIR MUSIC...
THEY DON'T KNOW A DAM THING!
AT LEAST I HAVE SOME WISDOM!
LOOK AT THOSE CARE-FREE JERKS... DUMMIES..
CONFORM-IST ROBOTS!
I THINK I NEED TO GET AWAY.... BECAUSE.... MY....
1 WRINKLES ARE DEEPENING
MY
2 SEXUAL DESIRE DIMINISHING
HAVE
3 IRRATIONAL ANGER ON THE RISE
AND
4 CREATIVITY LIMITED TO REARRANGING KNICK-KNACKS
I'M
5 OBSESSED BY CANCER + OTHER DEADLY DISEASES
HAVE
6 UNCONTROLLABLE NEED TO SHOP
7 DRINKING IS MY GREATEST PLEASURE
8 THE FUTURE SEEMS GRIM
MY FAMILY IS CONVINCED + SOON...
DRUGSTORE PUBLICIS
WHAT A FABULOUS PLACE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M HERE
SO I CAN'T SPEAK FRENCH!


I SIT IN A CAFE + WRITE IN MY BOOK
I'M CRITICAL OF MY LIFE..
CAFE
BUFFET FROID
METRO
I CAN FEEL SOMETHING LIKE INNER CALM..
ITS A LITTLE SCARY OR LONELY.
I MAKE SOME PROMISES TO MYSELF..
1 EAT MORE
2 DON'T WORRY ABOUT DRINKING
3 LET MY HAIR GROW
4 STAY HOME MORE BE NICER TO MY FAMILY
5 TALK LESS
6 HAVE LOVERS
7 DON'T GIVE IN TO SOCIAL PRESSURE
8 STAY OFF TENNIS COURTS
9 WATCH LESS TV
10 REALIZE I'M NOT BAD + REMEMBER PARIS
BUT I CAN'T PUT HUSBAND + CHILDREN OUT OF MY THOUGHTS FOR LONG...
WHAT IF NOBODY MISSES ME?
WHAT IF ALL I HAD WAS MYSELF?
MAYBE I'D LIKE IT
OH I MUST BUY THIS FRENCH DOLLIE FOR MY LITTLE GIRL
WHAT ABOUT LOVE? AND LETTING MYSELF FEEL??
AND SO.. I ARRIVE HOME A LITTLE CALMER. TIME TO PONDER IMPORTANT QUESTIONS HELPS....
BEING ALIVE IS EXQUISITELY PAINFUL.
WELL I STARTED SMOKING GITANES
I GAINED 2 POUNDS
BUT I FEEL A BIT YOUNGER
ITS GOOD TO HAVE YA BACK MOM!
MOMMEE I MISS YOU SOOO MUCH!
ME TOO BABY!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER:
SOMEONE HAS TO DO THIS OR CHAOS + CONFUSION + DIRT WILL TAKE OVER THE PLANET
I'M LOVED + NEEDED. I'M PRODUCTIVE
BUT I'M OVERWHELMED BY SEETHING THOUGHTS + IDEAS.. OH, I'VE GOT A PAIN IN MY CREATIVE URGE. THE DAM'S ABOUT TO BREAK........
I THINK I'M SLIGHTLY POSSESSED!
CLOROX
I'LL HAVE A DRINK + PLAN MY NEXT VACATION!
MORE TWISTED ANGST TO COME


what big girls are made of
©1986 Diane Noomin
melted make-up
broken blenders
frozen pizzas
velvet paintings of the stars
pink flamingos
fishnet stockings
double mai-tais
one night stands in singles bars
For a More Glamorous You!
Starlight Roof



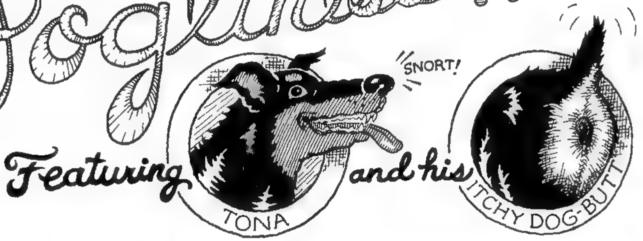
empty wig stands
body sculpture
push-up bras
quickie fucks in rusty cars

dynel falls
living dolls
shopping malls
valiums crammed in crystal jars

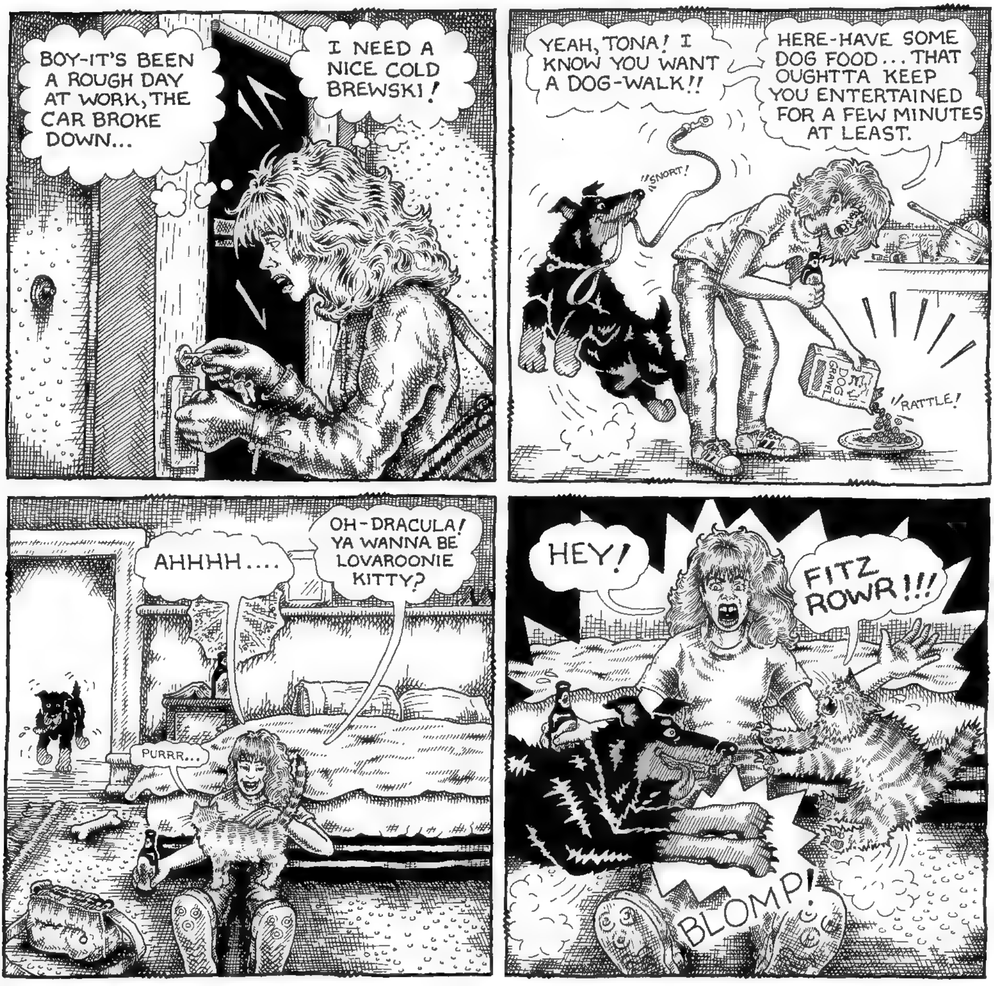
picture YOU in a PADDED bra
You're pushed up to here
Sea shell embroidery over sheer
Increases your bust one full size.
Lightly padded
Padded push-up shelf
Wired Undercup
Lane Elastic
ROCHE 10 VALIUM
WANNA START SOMETHING HONEY?

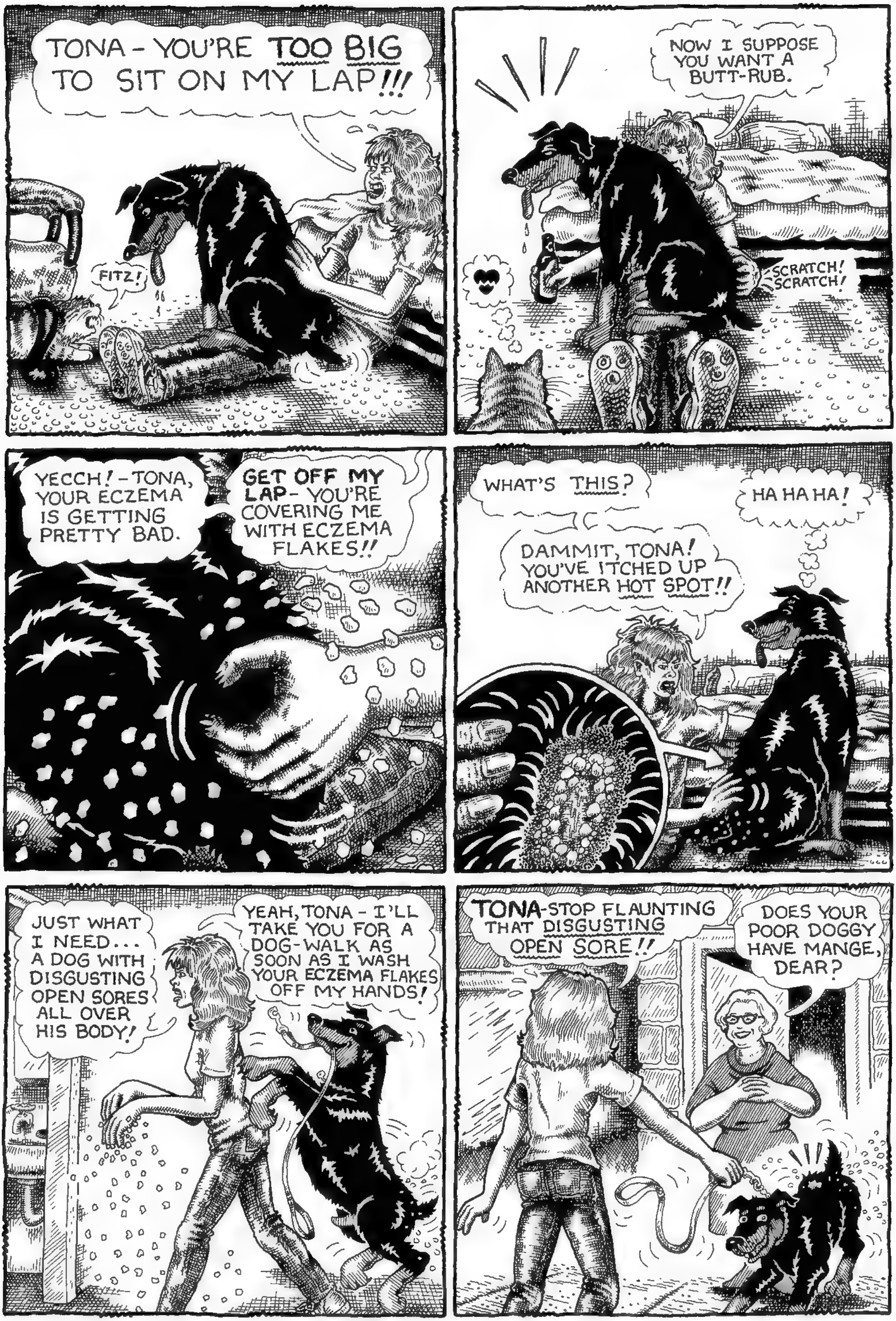
ANOTHER DISGUSTING **TONA-TOONS** STORY...

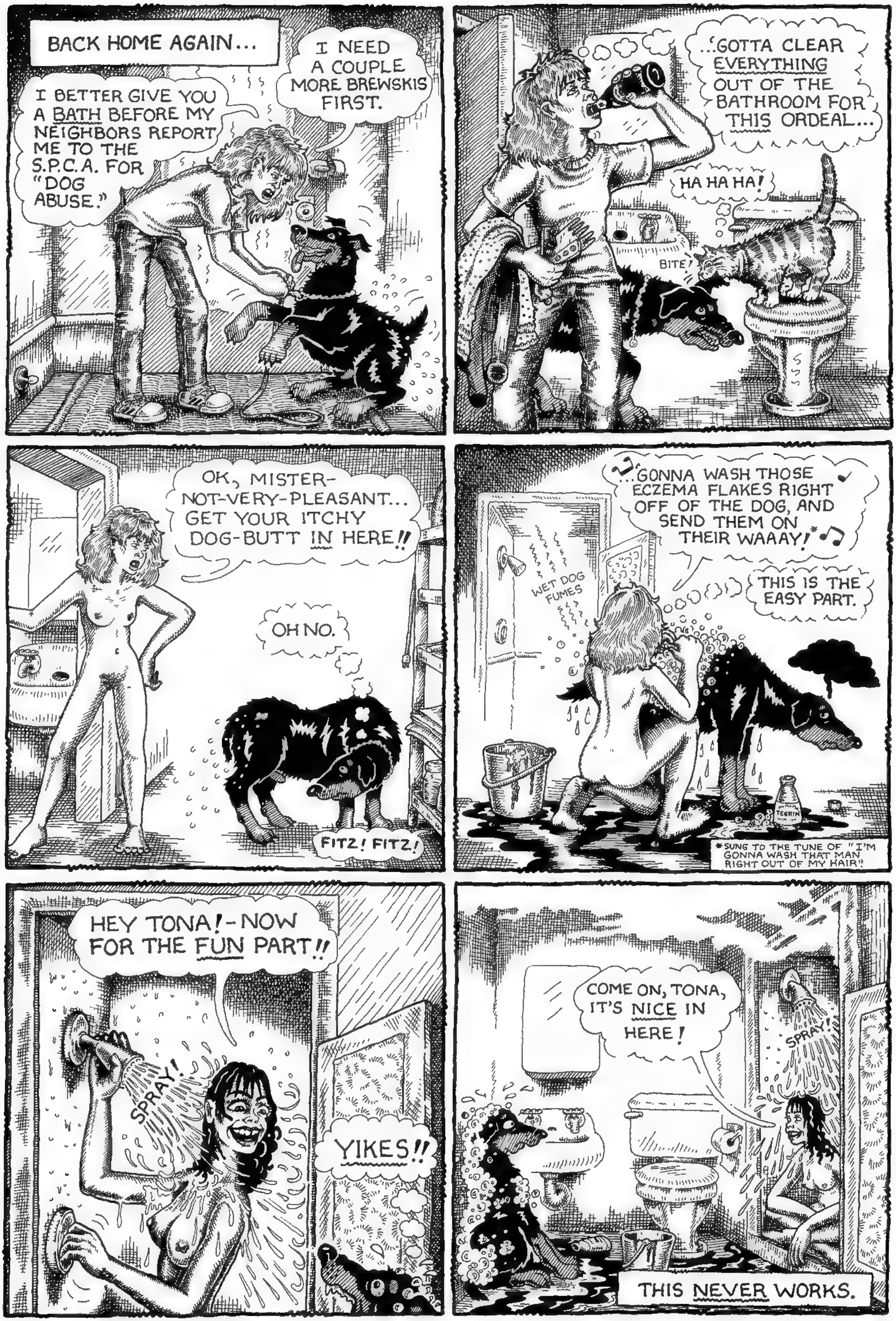
Cleanliness is next to Dogliness!!

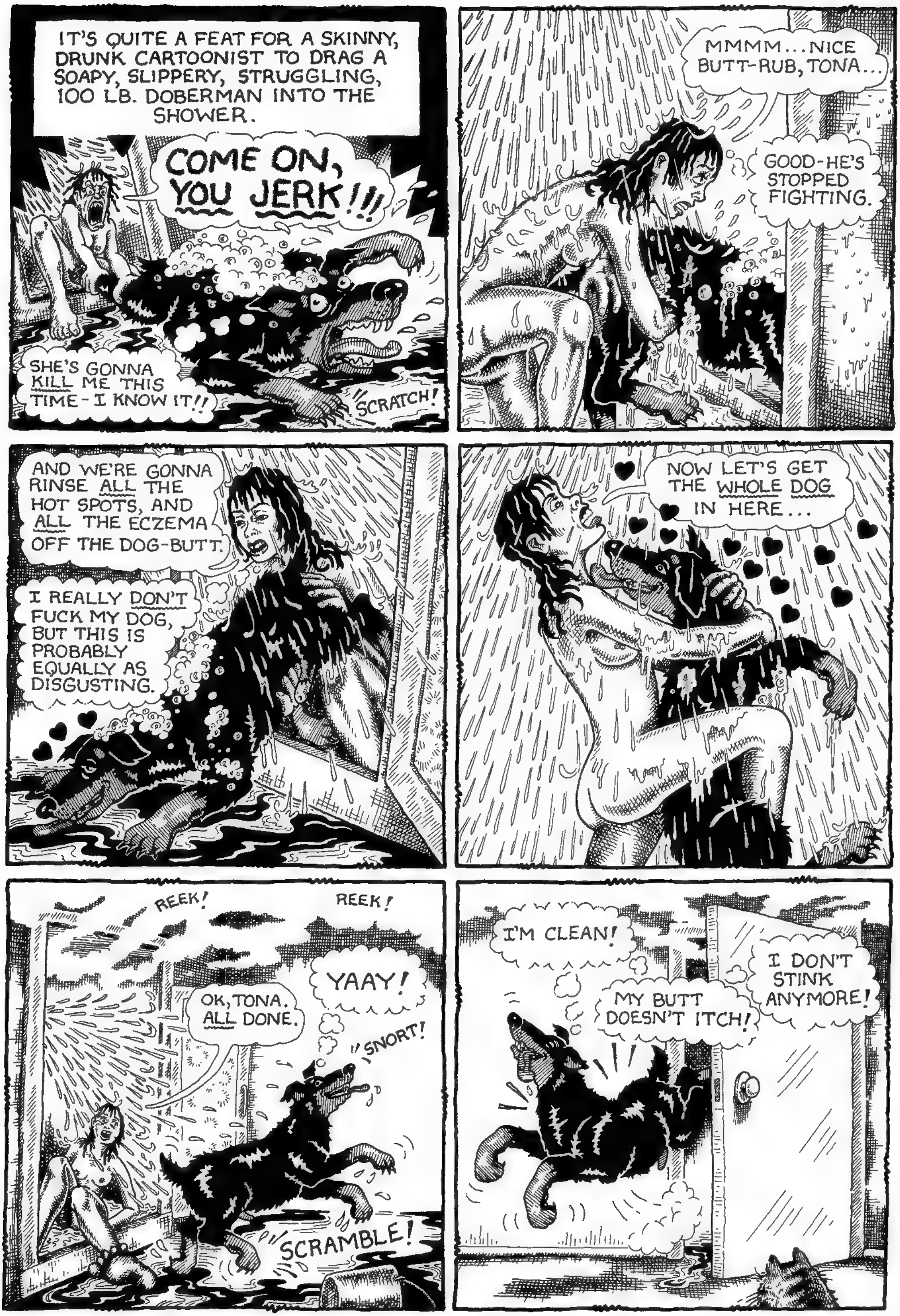

SNORT!
Featuring
TONA
and his
ITCHY DOG-BUTT

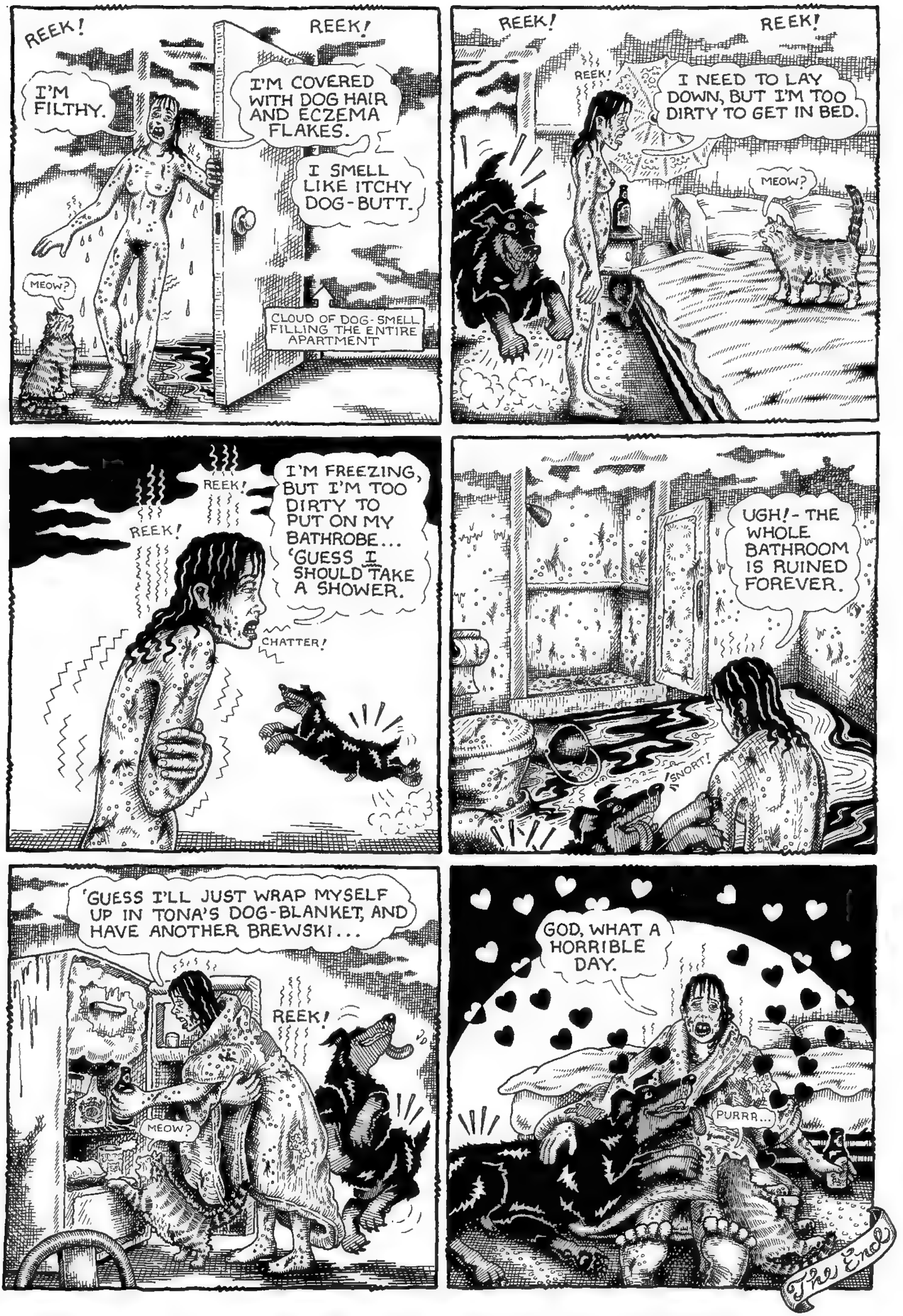
© 1986 DORI SEDA


BOY-IT'S BEEN A ROUGH DAY AT WORK, THE CAR BROKE DOWN...
I NEED A NICE COLD BREWSKI!
YEAH, TONA! I KNOW YOU WANT A DOG-WALK!!
HERE-HAVE SOME DOG FOOD... THAT OUGHTTA KEEP YOU ENTERTAINED FOR A FEW MINUTES AT LEAST.
SNORT!
DOG GRAVEL
RATTLE!
AHHHH....
OH-DRACULA! YA WANNA BE LOVAROONIE KITTY?
PURRR...
HEY!
FITZ ROWR!!!
BLOMP!


TONA - YOU'RE TOO BIG TO SIT ON MY LAP!!!
FITZ!
NOW I SUPPOSE YOU WANT A BUTT-RUB.
SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
YECCH! - TONA, YOUR ECZEMA IS GETTING PRETTY BAD.
GET OFF MY LAP - YOU'RE COVERING ME WITH ECZEMA FLAKES!!
WHAT'S THIS?
HA HA HA!
DAMMIT, TONA! YOU'VE ITCHED UP ANOTHER HOT SPOT!!
JUST WHAT I NEED... A DOG WITH DISGUSTING OPEN SORES ALL OVER HIS BODY!
YEAH, TONA - I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A DOG-WALK AS SOON AS I WASH YOUR ECZEMA FLAKES OFF MY HANDS!
TONA - STOP FLAUNTING THAT DISGUSTING OPEN SORE!!
DOES YOUR POOR DOGGY HAVE MANGE, DEAR?

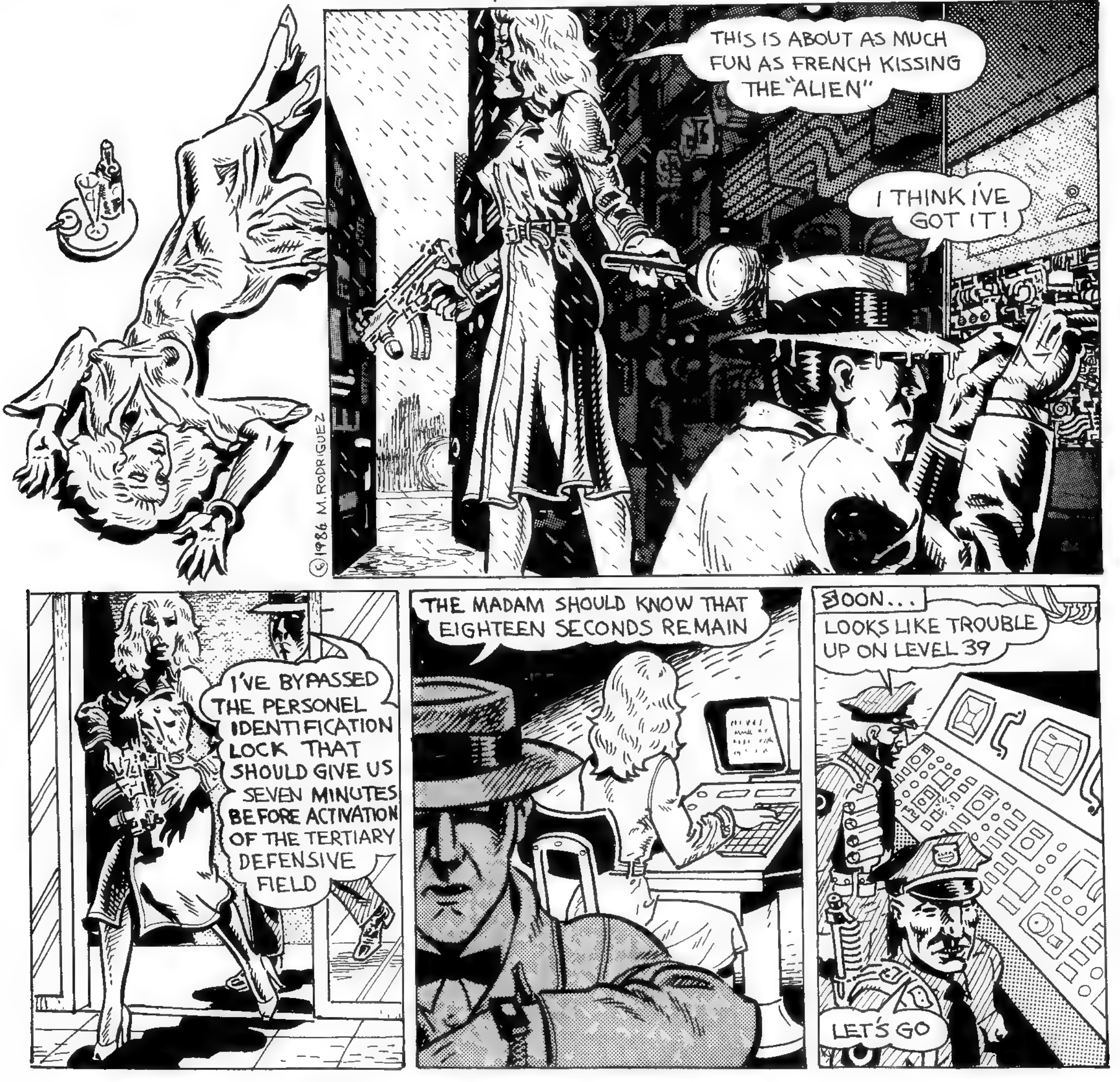

BACK HOME AGAIN...
I BETTER GIVE YOU A BATH BEFORE MY NEIGHBORS REPORT ME TO THE S.P.C.A. FOR "DOG ABUSE."
I NEED A COUPLE MORE BREWSKIS FIRST.
...GOTTA CLEAR EVERYTHING OUT OF THE BATHROOM FOR THIS ORDEAL...
HA HA HA!
BITE!
OK, MISTER-NOT-VERY-PLEASANT... GET YOUR ITCHY DOG-BUTT IN HERE!!
OH NO.
FITZ! FITZ!
...GONNA WASH THOSE ECZEMA FLAKES RIGHT OFF OF THE DOG, AND SEND THEM ON THEIR WAAAY!*
THIS IS THE EASY PART.
WET DOG FUMES
TEGRIN
*SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "I'M GONNA WASH THAT MAN RIGHT OUT OF MY HAIR"
HEY TONA! - NOW FOR THE FUN PART!!
SPRAY!
YIKES!!
COME ON, TONA, IT'S NICE IN HERE!
SPRAY!
THIS NEVER WORKS.

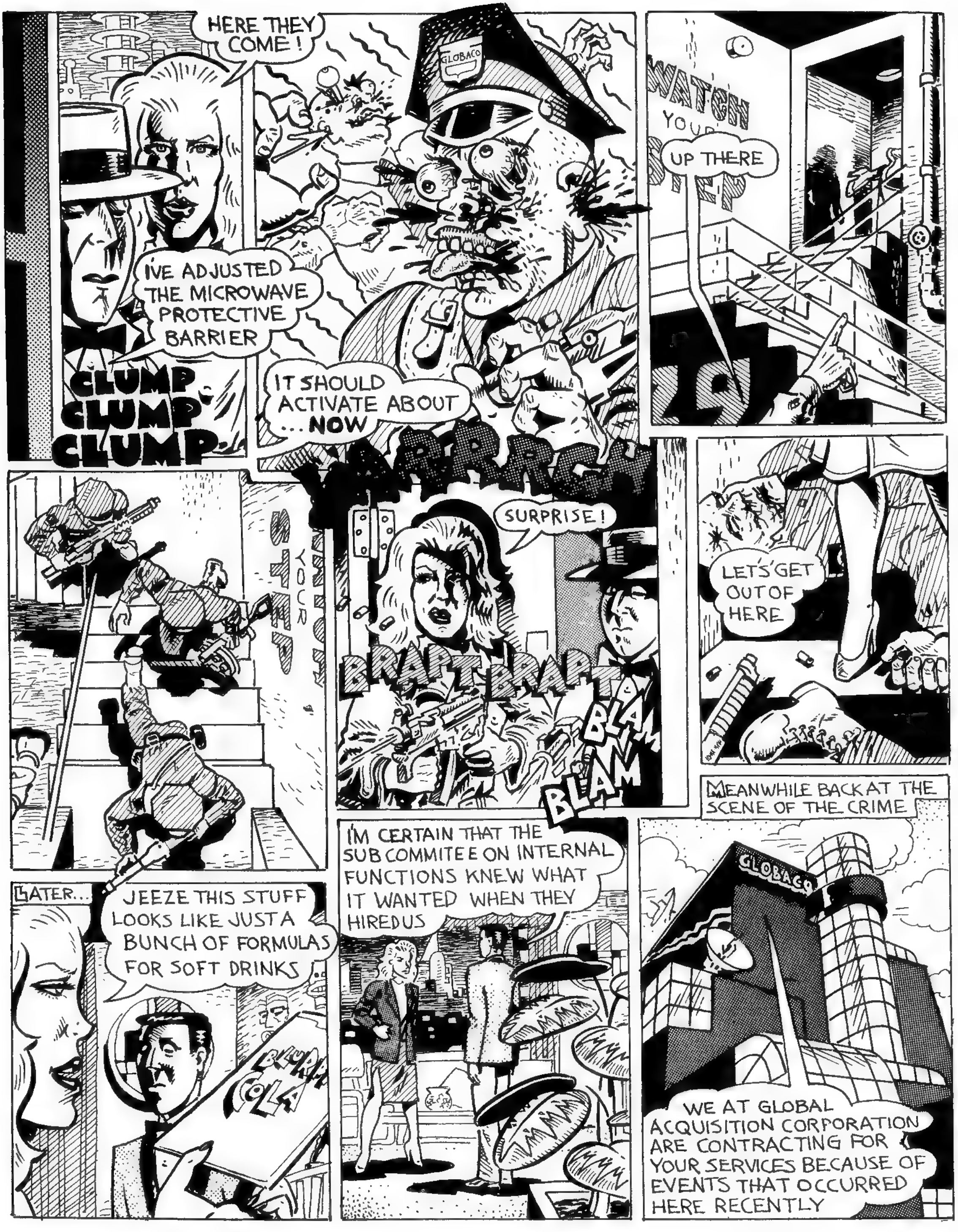

IT'S QUITE A FEAT FOR A SKINNY, DRUNK CARTOONIST TO DRAG A SOAPY, SLIPPERY, STRUGGLING, 100 LB. DOBERMAN INTO THE SHOWER.
COME ON, YOU JERK!!!
SHE'S GONNA KILL ME THIS TIME - I KNOW IT!!
SCRATCH!
MMMM... NICE BUTT-RUB, TONA...
GOOD-HE'S STOPPED FIGHTING.
AND WE'RE GONNA RINSE ALL THE HOT SPOTS, AND ALL THE ECZEMA OFF THE DOG-BUTT.
I REALLY DON'T FUCK MY DOG, BUT THIS IS PROBABLY EQUALLY AS DISGUSTING.
NOW LET'S GET THE WHOLE DOG IN HERE...
REEK!
REEK!
OK, TONA. ALL DONE.
YAAY!
SNORT!
SCRAMBLE!
I'M CLEAN!
I DON'T STINK ANYMORE!
MY BUTT DOESN'T ITCH!

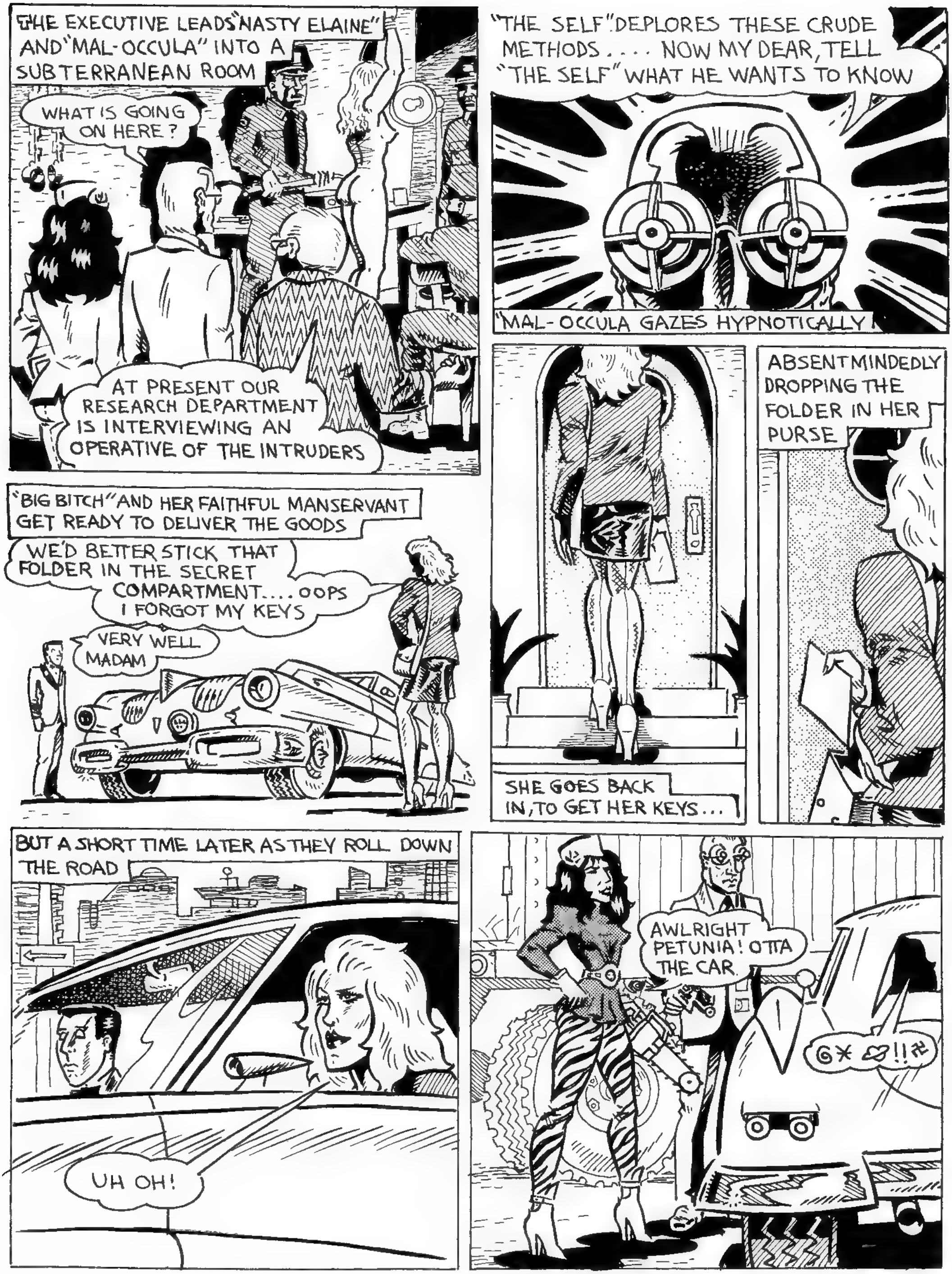

REEK!
REEK!
I'M FILTHY.
I'M COVERED WITH DOG HAIR AND ECZEMA FLAKES.
I SMELL LIKE ITCHY DOG-BUTT.
MEOW?
CLOUD OF DOG-SMELL FILLING THE ENTIRE APARTMENT
REEK!
REEK!
REEK!
I NEED TO LAY DOWN, BUT I'M TOO DIRTY TO GET IN BED.
MEOW?
REEK!
REEK!
I'M FREEZING, BUT I'M TOO DIRTY TO PUT ON MY BATHROBE... 'GUESS I SHOULD TAKE A SHOWER.
CHATTER!
UGH! - THE WHOLE BATHROOM IS RUINED FOREVER.
SNORT!
'GUESS I'LL JUST WRAP MYSELF UP IN TONA'S DOG-BLANKET, AND HAVE ANOTHER BREWSKI...
REEK!
MEOW?
GOD, WHAT A HORRIBLE DAY.
PURRR...
The End

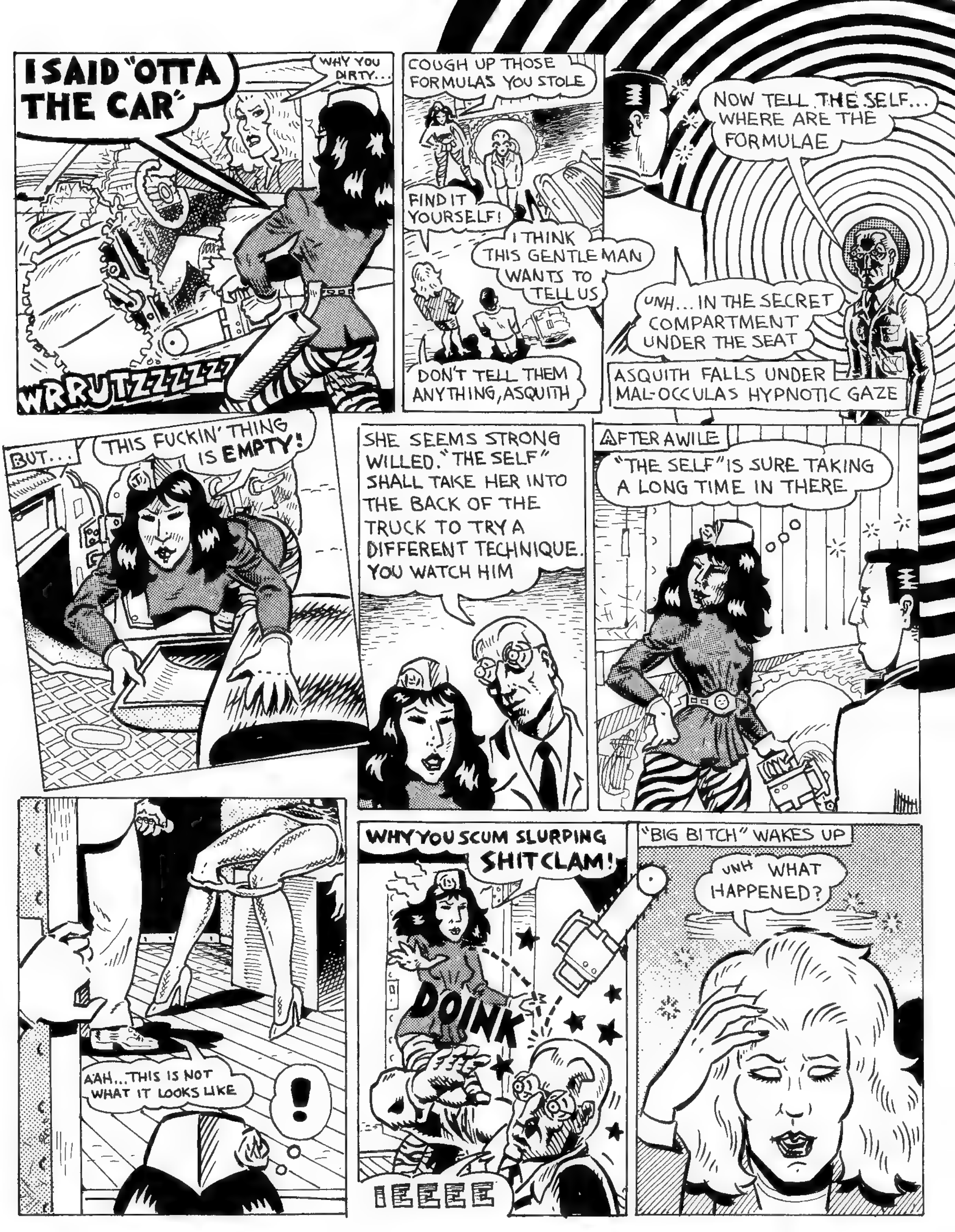
DON'T FUCK WITH... BIG BITCH

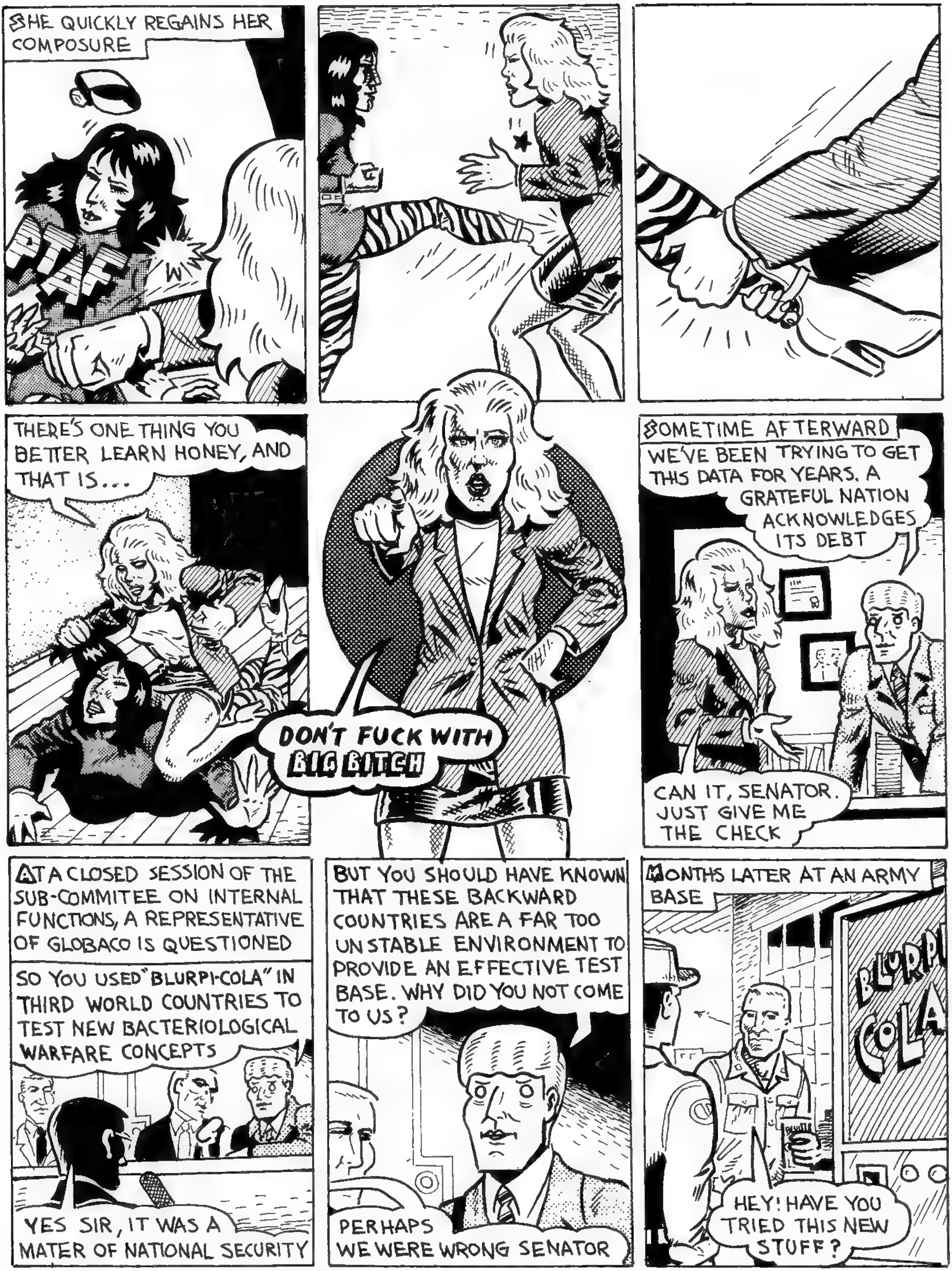
WRITTEN by ALGERNON BACKWASH **DRAWN** by **SPAIN**


©1986 M. RODRIGUEZ
THIS IS ABOUT AS MUCH FUN AS FRENCH KISSING THE "ALIEN"
I THINK I'VE GOT IT!
I'VE BYPASSED THE PERSONEL IDENTIFICATION LOCK THAT SHOULD GIVE US SEVEN MINUTES BEFORE ACTIVATION OF THE TERTIARY DEFENSIVE FIELD
THE MADAM SHOULD KNOW THAT EIGHTEEN SECONDS REMAIN
SOON...
LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE UP ON LEVEL 39
LET'S GO


HERE THEY COME!
IVE ADJUSTED THE MICROWAVE PROTECTIVE BARRIER
CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP
GLOBACO
IT SHOULD ACTIVATE ABOUT ...NOW
WARRRGH
WATCH YOUR STEP
UP THERE
29
YOUR STEP
SURPRISE!
BRAPT BRAPT
BLAM BLAM BLAM
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE
LATER...
JEEZE THIS STUFF LOOKS LIKE JUST A BUNCH OF FORMULAS FOR SOFT DRINKS
BLURP COLA
I'M CERTAIN THAT THE SUB COMMITEE ON INTERNAL FUNCTIONS KNEW WHAT IT WANTED WHEN THEY HIRED US
MEANWHILE BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME
GLOBACO
WE AT GLOBAL ACQUISITION CORPORATION ARE CONTRACTING FOR YOUR SERVICES BECAUSE OF EVENTS THAT OCCURRED HERE RECENTLY


THE EXECUTIVE LEADS "NASTY ELAINE" AND "MAL-OCCULA" INTO A SUBTERRANEAN ROOM
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
AT PRESENT OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT IS INTERVIEWING AN OPERATIVE OF THE INTRUDERS
"THE SELF" DEPLORES THESE CRUDE METHODS.... NOW MY DEAR, TELL "THE SELF" WHAT HE WANTS TO KNOW
"MAL-OCCULA GAZES HYPNOTICALLY
"BIG BITCH" AND HER FAITHFUL MANSERVANT GET READY TO DELIVER THE GOODS
WE'D BETTER STICK THAT FOLDER IN THE SECRET COMPARTMENT.... OOPS I FORGOT MY KEYS
VERY WELL MADAM
SHE GOES BACK IN, TO GET HER KEYS...
ABSENTMINDEDLY DROPPING THE FOLDER IN HER PURSE
BUT A SHORT TIME LATER AS THEY ROLL DOWN THE ROAD
UH OH!
AWLRIGHT PETUNIA! OTTA THE CAR
@*♄!!卐


I SAID "OTTA THE CAR"
WHY YOU DIRTY...
WRRUTZZZZZZ
COUGH UP THOSE FORMULAS YOU STOLE
FIND IT YOURSELF!
I THINK THIS GENTLEMAN WANTS TO TELL US
DON'T TELL THEM ANYTHING, ASQUITH
NOW TELL THE SELF... WHERE ARE THE FORMULAE
UNH... IN THE SECRET COMPARTMENT UNDER THE SEAT
ASQUITH FALLS UNDER MAL-OCCULAS HYPNOTIC GAZE
BUT...
THIS FUCKIN' THING IS EMPTY!
SHE SEEMS STRONG WILLED. "THE SELF" SHALL TAKE HER INTO THE BACK OF THE TRUCK TO TRY A DIFFERENT TECHNIQUE. YOU WATCH HIM
AFTER A WILE
"THE SELF" IS SURE TAKING A LONG TIME IN THERE
AAH... THIS IS NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE
!
WHY YOU SCUM SLURPING SHITCLAM!
DOINK
IEEEE
"BIG BITCH" WAKES UP
UNH WHAT HAPPENED?


SHE QUICKLY REGAINS HER COMPOSURE
PTAF
W
THERE'S ONE THING YOU BETTER LEARN HONEY, AND THAT IS...
DON'T FUCK WITH BIG BITCH
SOMETIME AFTERWARD
WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THIS DATA FOR YEARS. A GRATEFUL NATION ACKNOWLEDGES ITS DEBT
CAN IT, SENATOR. JUST GIVE ME THE CHECK
AT A CLOSED SESSION OF THE SUB-COMMITEE ON INTERNAL FUNCTIONS, A REPRESENTATIVE OF GLOBACO IS QUESTIONED
SO YOU USED "BLURPI-COLA" IN THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES TO TEST NEW BACTERIOLOGICAL WARFARE CONCEPTS
YES SIR, IT WAS A MATER OF NATIONAL SECURITY
BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT THESE BACKWARD COUNTRIES ARE A FAR TOO UNSTABLE ENVIRONMENT TO PROVIDE AN EFFECTIVE TEST BASE. WHY DID YOU NOT COME TO US?
PERHAPS WE WERE WRONG SENATOR
MONTHS LATER AT AN ARMY BASE
BLURP
COLA
HEY! HAVE YOU TRIED THIS NEW STUFF?

Big City!

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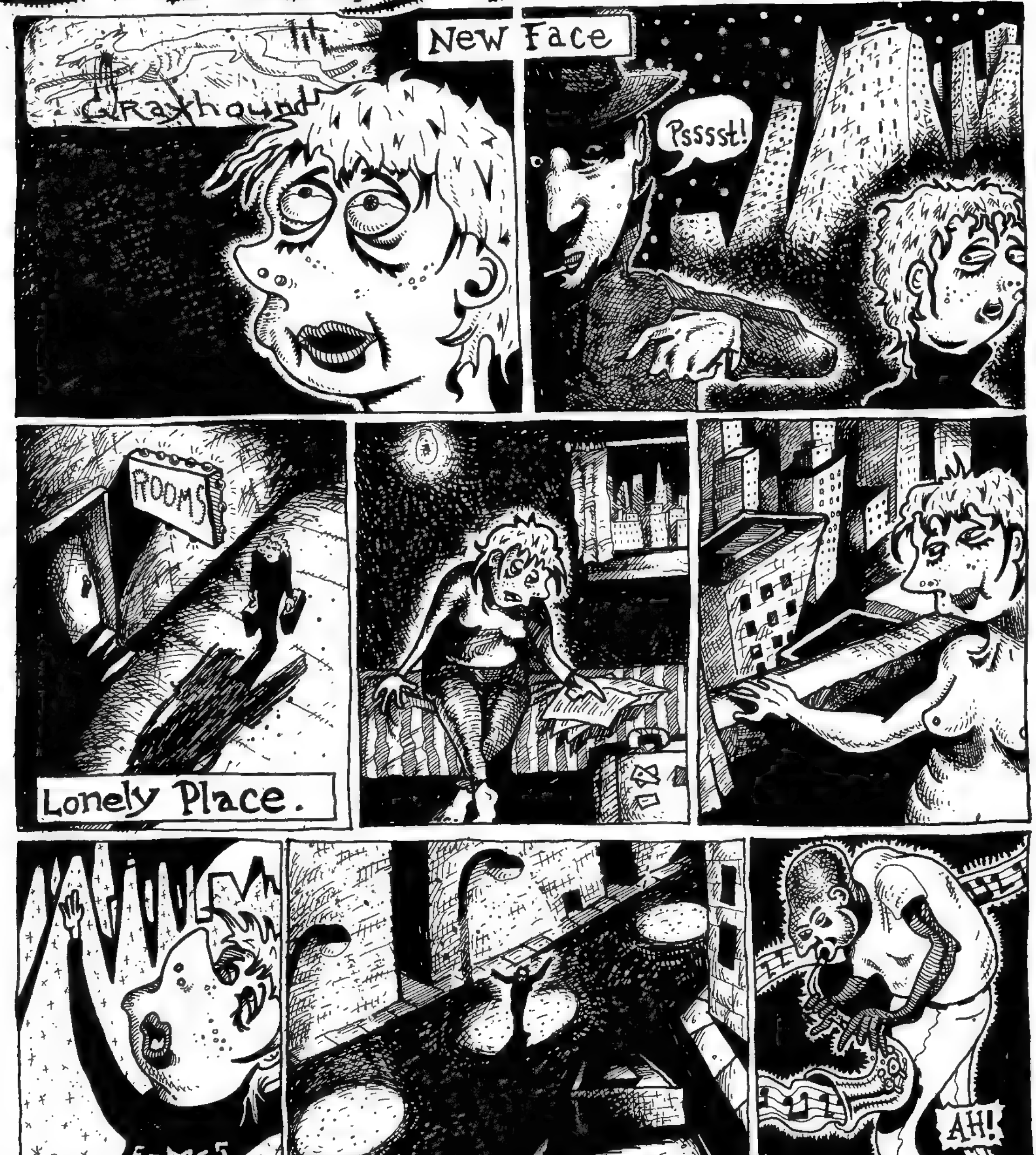
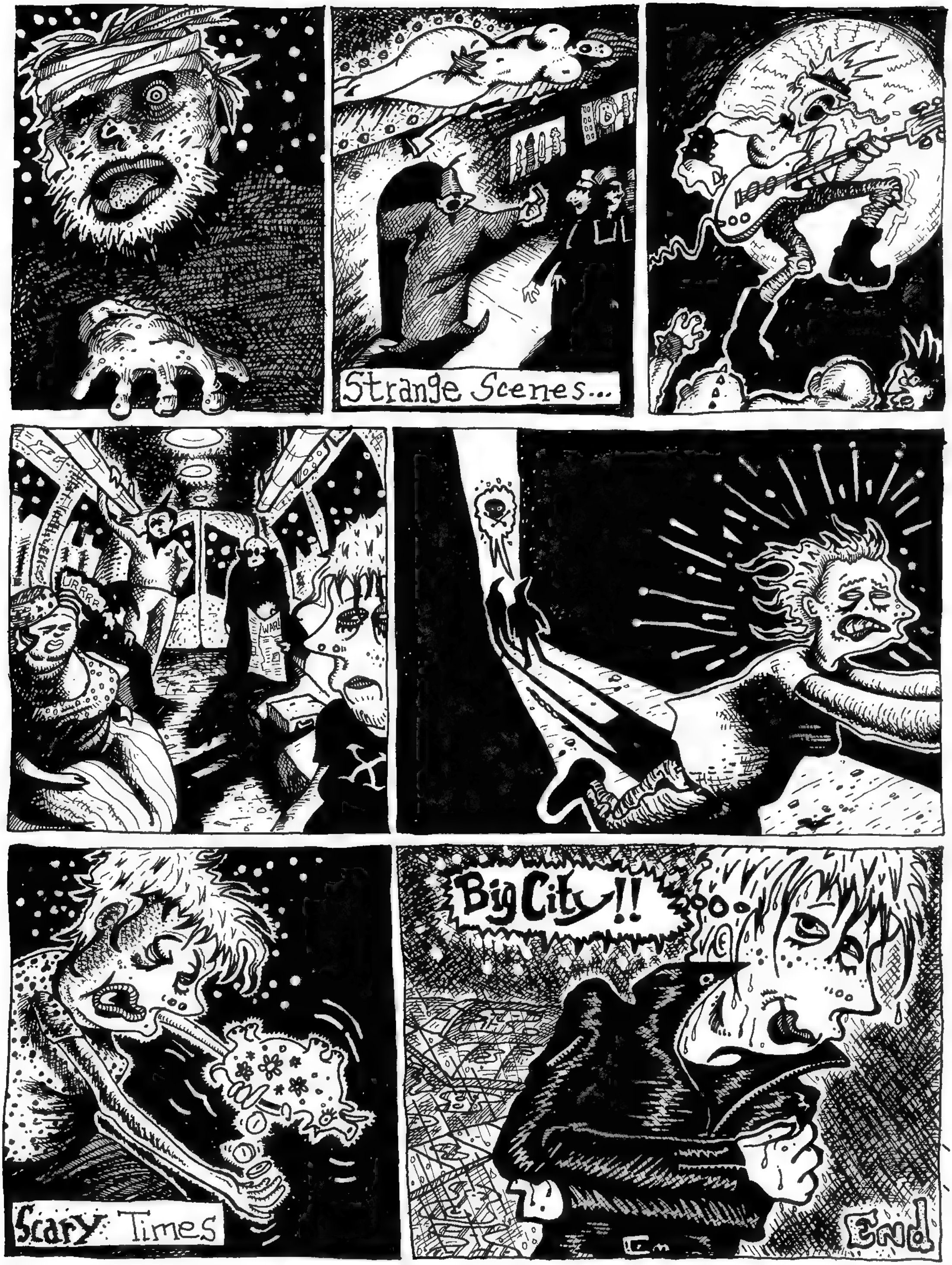
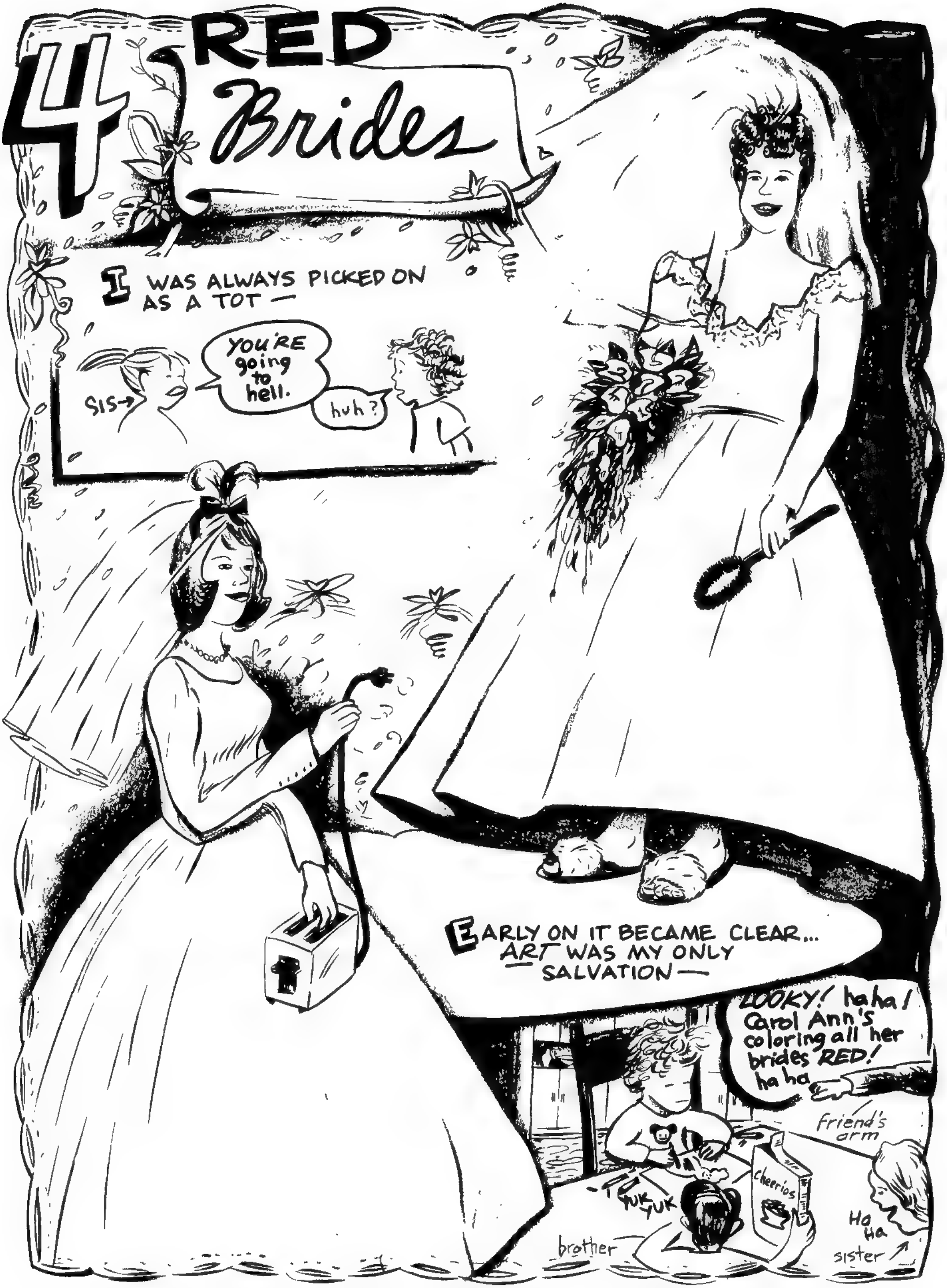
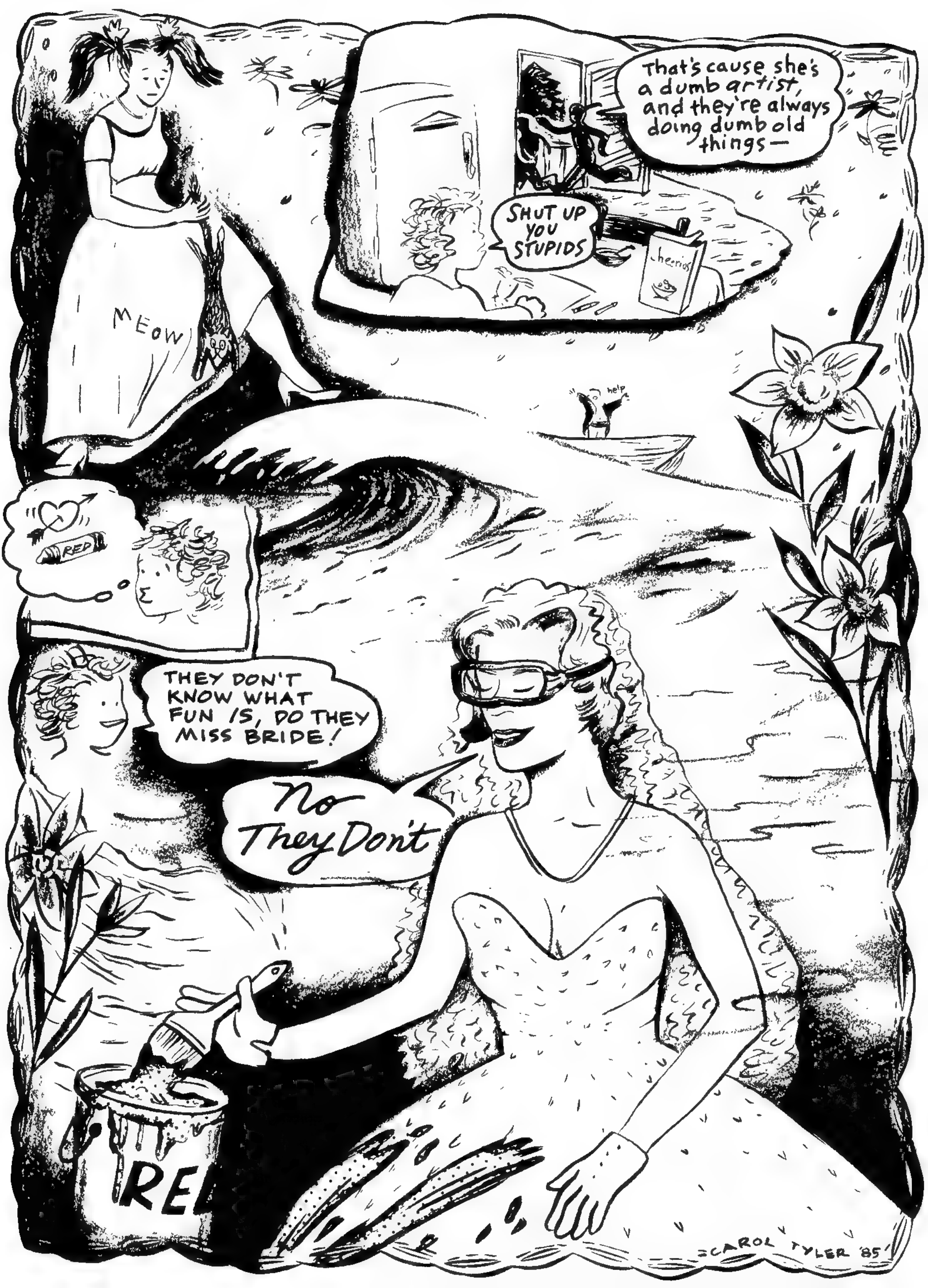
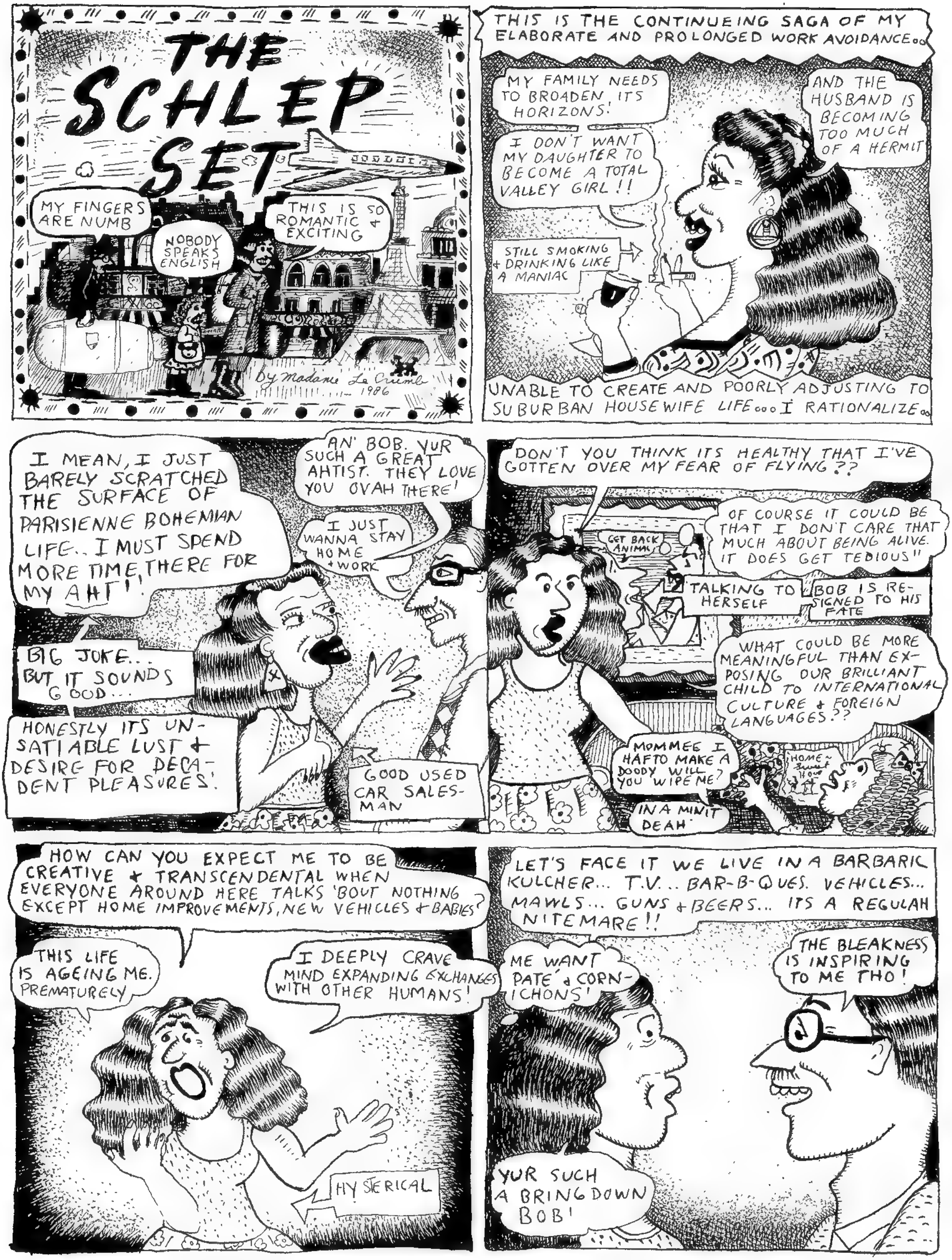

Graxhound
New Face
Psssst!
ROOMS
Lonely Place.
E=MC^5
AH!

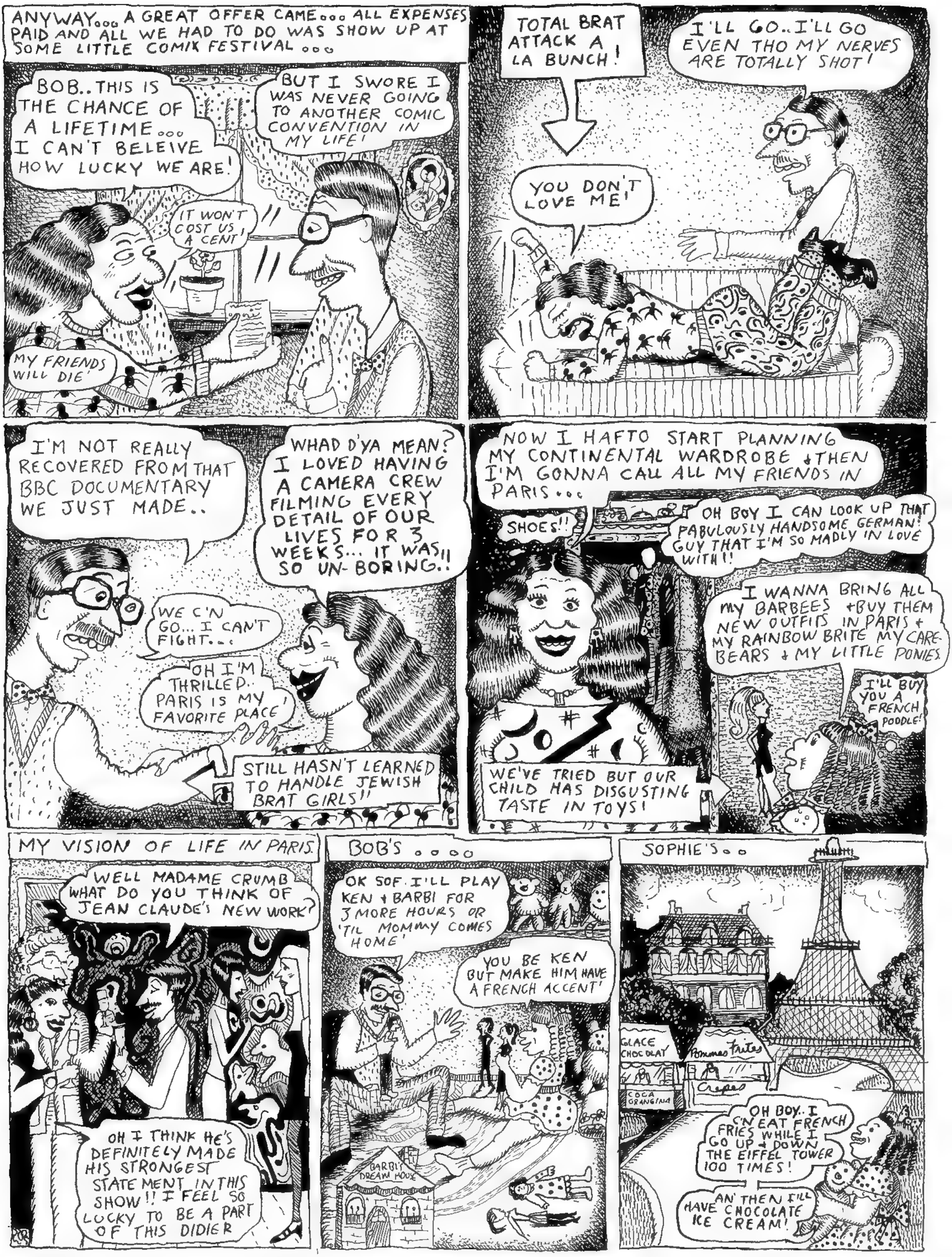
A **city** is Not to be Admired unless you can Get **Lost** in it...

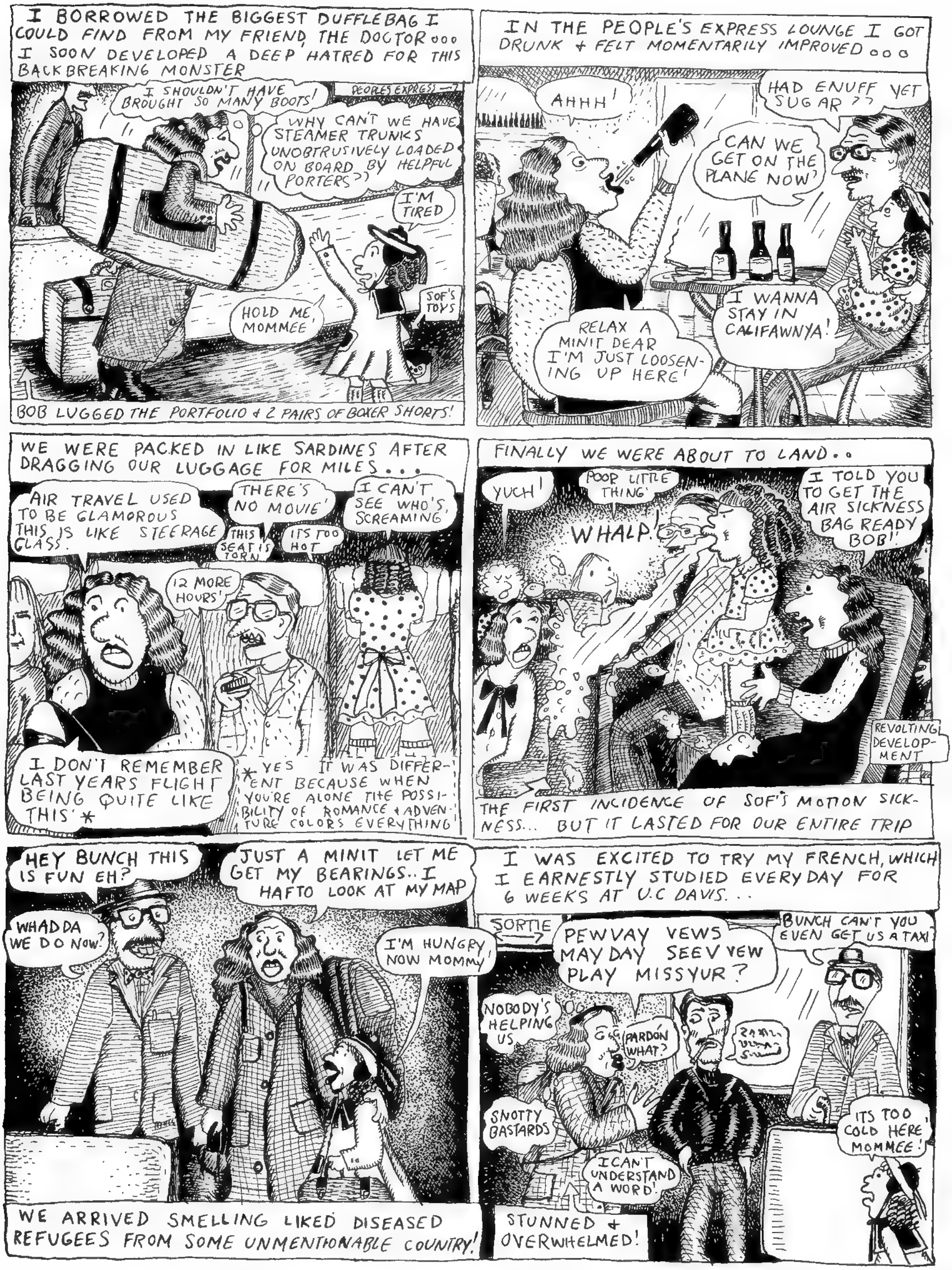

Strange Scenes...
URRRR
WAR!
Scary Times
Big City!!
End

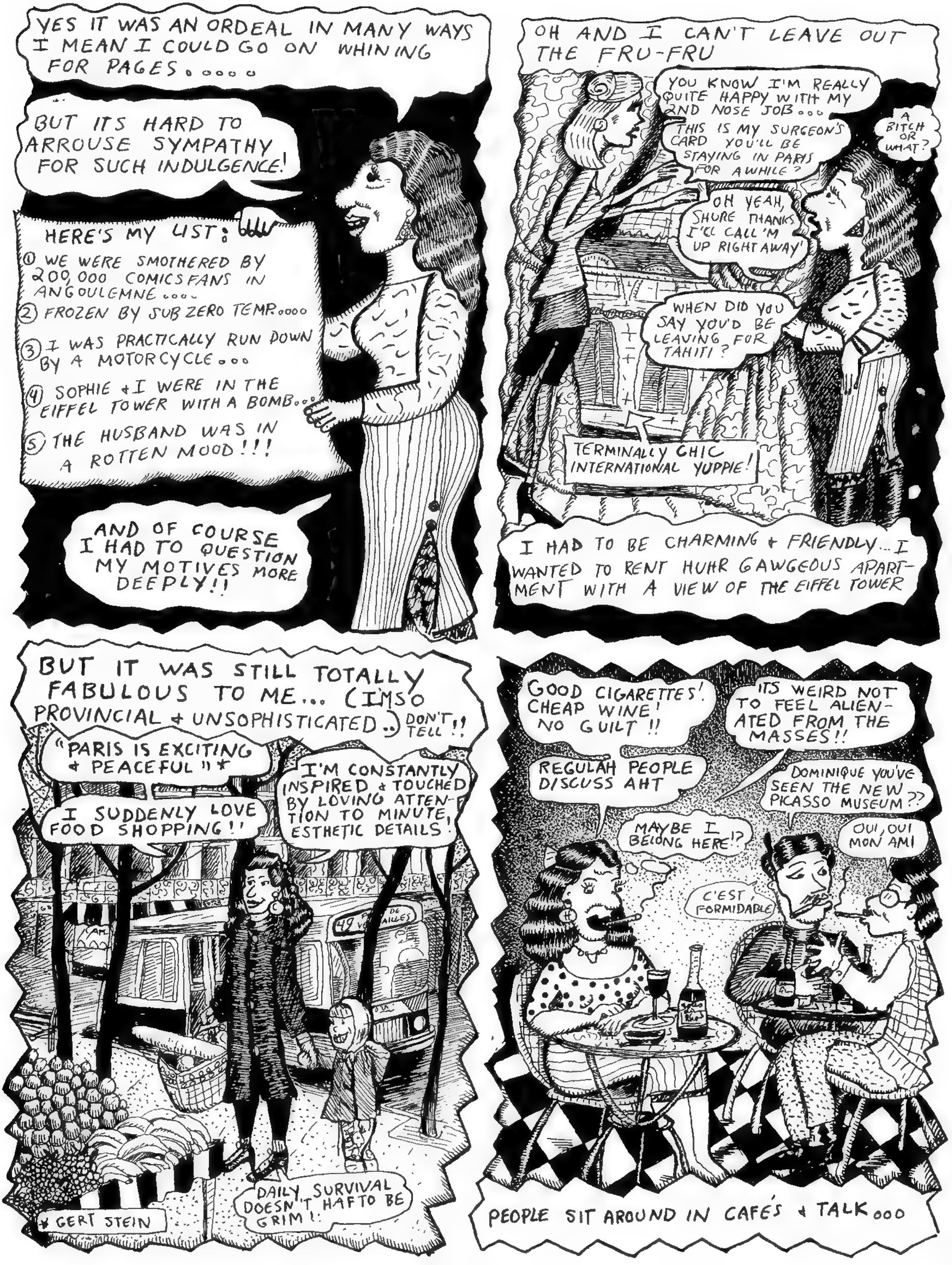

4 RED Brides
I WAS ALWAYS PICKED ON AS A TOT —
SIS→
YOU'RE going to hell.
huh?
EARLY ON IT BECAME CLEAR... ART WAS MY ONLY — SALVATION —
LOOKY! ha ha! Carol Ann's coloring all her brides RED! ha ha
friend's arm
YUK YUK
Cheerios
Ha Ha
brother
sister ↗

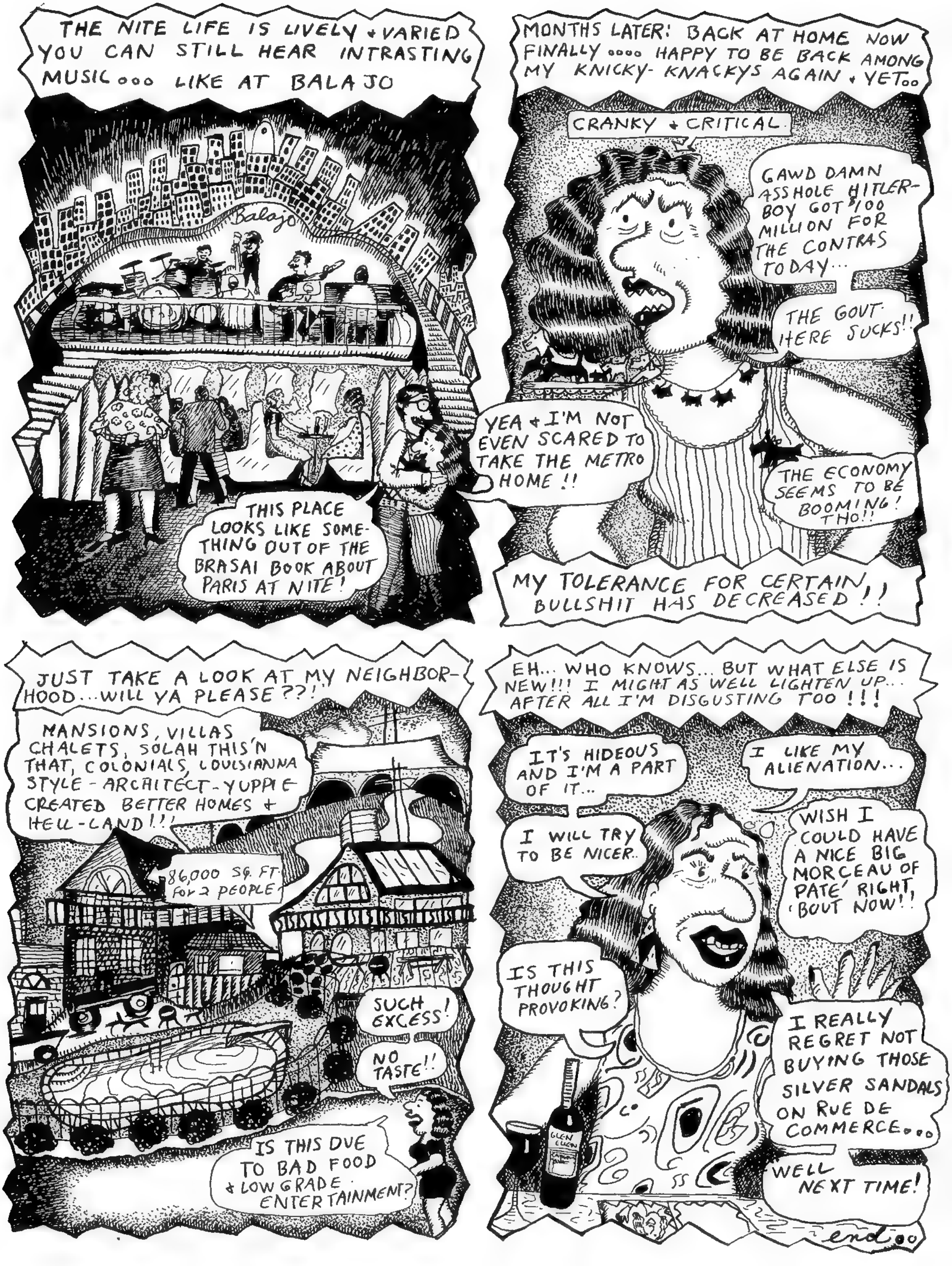

That's cause she's a dumb artist, and they're always doing dumb old things—
SHUT UP YOU STUPIDS
cheerios
MEOW
help
RED
THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT FUN IS, DO THEY MISS BRIDE!
No They Don't
RE
CAROL TYLER '85


THE SCHLEP SET
MY FINGERS ARE NUMB
NOBODY SPEAKS ENGLISH
THIS IS SO ROMANTIC + EXCITING
by Madame Le Crumb 1986
THIS IS THE CONTINUEING SAGA OF MY ELABORATE AND PROLONGED WORK AVOIDANCE...
MY FAMILY NEEDS TO BROADEN ITS HORIZONS!
I DON'T WANT MY DAUGHTER TO BECOME A TOTAL VALLEY GIRL!!
AND THE HUSBAND IS BECOMING TOO MUCH OF A HERMIT
STILL SMOKING + DRINKING LIKE A MANIAC
UNABLE TO CREATE AND POORLY ADJUSTING TO SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE LIFE... I RATIONALIZE..
I MEAN, I JUST BARELY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE OF PARISIENNE BOHEMIAN LIFE.. I MUST SPEND MORE TIME THERE FOR MY AHT!!
AN' BOB, YUR SUCH A GREAT AHTIST. THEY LOVE YOU OVAH THERE!
I JUST WANNA STAY HOME + WORK
BIG JOKE... BUT IT SOUNDS GOOD...
HONESTLY ITS UNSATIABLE LUST + DESIRE FOR DECADENT PLEASURES.
GOOD USED CAR SALESMAN
DON'T YOU THINK ITS HEALTHY THAT I'VE GOTTEN OVER MY FEAR OF FLYING??
GET BACK ANIMALS
OF COURSE IT COULD BE THAT I DON'T CARE THAT MUCH ABOUT BEING ALIVE. IT DOES GET TEDIOUS"
TALKING TO HERSELF
BOB IS RESIGNED TO HIS FATE
WHAT COULD BE MORE MEANINGFUL THAN EXPOSING OUR BRILLIANT CHILD TO INTERNATIONAL CULTURE + FOREIGN LANGUAGES??
MOMMEE I HAFTO MAKE A DOODY WILL YOU WIPE ME?
HOME SWEET HOME
IN A MINIT DEAH
HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO BE CREATIVE + TRANSCENDENTAL WHEN EVERYONE AROUND HERE TALKS 'BOUT NOTHING EXCEPT HOME IMPROVEMENTS, NEW VEHICLES + BABIES?
THIS LIFE IS AGEING ME. PREMATURELY
I DEEPLY CRAVE MIND EXPANDING EXCHANGES WITH OTHER HUMANS!
HYSTERICAL
LET'S FACE IT WE LIVE IN A BARBARIC KULCHER... T.V... BAR-B-QUES. VEHICLES... MAWLS... GUNS + BEERS... ITS A REGULAH NITEMARE!!
ME WANT PATE + CORNICHONS!
THE BLEAKNESS IS INSPIRING TO ME THO!
YUR SUCH A BRINGDOWN BOB!

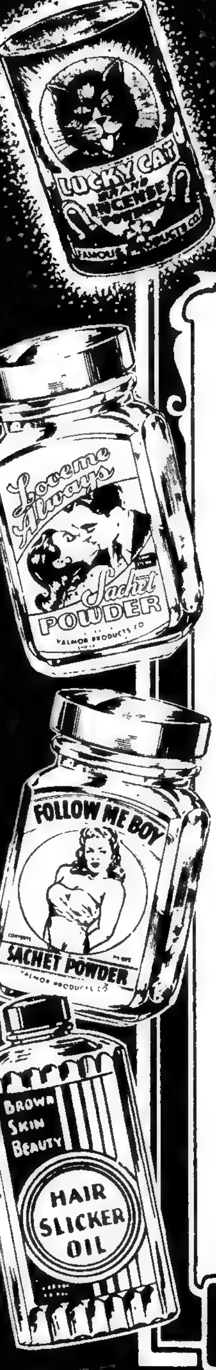

ANYWAY... A GREAT OFFER CAME... ALL EXPENSES PAID AND ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS SHOW UP AT SOME LITTLE COMIX FESTIVAL...
BOB.. THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME... I CAN'T BELEIVE HOW LUCKY WE ARE!
BUT I SWORE I WAS NEVER GOING TO ANOTHER COMIC CONVENTION IN MY LIFE!
IT WON'T COST US A CENT
MY FRIENDS WILL DIE
TOTAL BRAT ATTACK A LA BUNCH!
I'LL GO.. I'LL GO EVEN THO MY NERVES ARE TOTALLY SHOT!
YOU DON'T LOVE ME!
I'M NOT REALLY RECOVERED FROM THAT BBC DOCUMENTARY WE JUST MADE..
WHAD D'YA MEAN? I LOVED HAVING A CAMERA CREW FILMING EVERY DETAIL OF OUR LIVES FOR 3 WEEKS... IT WAS SO UN-BORING..!!
WE C'N GO... I CAN'T FIGHT...
OH I'M THRILLED. PARIS IS MY FAVORITE PLACE!
STILL HASN'T LEARNED TO HANDLE JEWISH BRAT GIRLS!!
NOW I HAFTO START PLANNING MY CONTINENTAL WARDROBE + THEN I'M GONNA CALL ALL MY FRIENDS IN PARIS...
SHOES!!
OH BOY I CAN LOOK UP THAT FABULOUSLY HANDSOME GERMAN GUY THAT I'M SO MADLY IN LOVE WITH!!
I WANNA BRING ALL MY BARBEES + BUY THEM NEW OUTFITS IN PARIS + MY RAINBOW BRITE MY CARE-BEARS + MY LITTLE PONIES.
I'LL BUY YOU A FRENCH POODLE!
WE'VE TRIED BUT OUR CHILD HAS DISGUSTING TASTE IN TOYS!
MY VISION OF LIFE IN PARIS.
WELL MADAME CRUMB WHAT DO YOU THINK OF JEAN CLAUDE'S NEW WORK?
OH I THINK HE'S DEFINITELY MADE HIS STRONGEST STATEMENT IN THIS SHOW!! I FEEL SO LUCKY TO BE A PART OF THIS DIDIER
BOB'S....
OK SOF. I'LL PLAY KEN + BARBI FOR 3 MORE HOURS OR 'TIL MOMMY COMES HOME!
YOU BE KEN BUT MAKE HIM HAVE A FRENCH ACCENT!
BARBI'S DREAM HOUSE
SOPHIE'S..
GLACE CHOCOLAT
Pommes Frites
Crepes
COCA GRANGINA
OH BOY.. I C'N EAT FRENCH FRIES WHILE I GO UP + DOWN THE EIFFEL TOWER 100 TIMES!
AN' THEN I'LL HAVE CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM!


I BORROWED THE BIGGEST DUFFLEBAG I COULD FIND FROM MY FRIEND, THE DOCTOR... I SOON DEVELOPED A DEEP HATRED FOR THIS BACKBREAKING MONSTER
I SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT SO MANY BOOTS!
PEOPLES EXPRESS →
WHY CAN'T WE HAVE STEAMER TRUNKS UNOBTRUSIVELY LOADED ON BOARD BY HELPFUL PORTERS??
I'M TIRED
HOLD ME, MOMMEE
SOF'S TOYS
BOB LUGGED THE PORTFOLIO & 2 PAIRS OF BOXER SHORTS!
IN THE PEOPLE'S EXPRESS LOUNGE I GOT DRUNK & FELT MOMENTARILY IMPROVED...
AHHH!
HAD ENUFF YET SUGAR??
CAN WE GET ON THE PLANE NOW!
I WANNA STAY IN CALIFAWNYA!
RELAX A MINIT DEAR I'M JUST LOOSENING UP HERE!
WE WERE PACKED IN LIKE SARDINES AFTER DRAGGING OUR LUGGAGE FOR MILES...
AIR TRAVEL USED TO BE GLAMOROUS THIS IS LIKE STEERAGE CLASS.
THERE'S NO MOVIE!
THIS SEAT IS TORN
ITS TOO HOT
I CAN'T SEE WHO'S SCREAMING
12 MORE HOURS!
I DON'T REMEMBER LAST YEARS FLIGHT BEING QUITE LIKE THIS! *
* YES IT WAS DIFFERENT BECAUSE WHEN YOU'RE ALONE THE POSSIBILITY OF ROMANCE & ADVENTURE COLORS EVERYTHING
FINALLY WE WERE ABOUT TO LAND..
YUCH!
POOR LITTLE THING!
WHALP!
I TOLD YOU TO GET THE AIR SICKNESS BAG READY BOB!
REVOLTING DEVELOPMENT
THE FIRST INCIDENCE OF SOF'S MOTION SICKNESS... BUT IT LASTED FOR OUR ENTIRE TRIP
HEY BUNCH THIS IS FUN EH?
JUST A MINIT LET ME GET MY BEARINGS.. I HAFTO LOOK AT MY MAP
WHADDA WE DO NOW?
I'M HUNGRY NOW MOMMY
WE ARRIVED SMELLING LIKED DISEASED REFUGEES FROM SOME UNMENTIONABLE COUNTRY!
I WAS EXCITED TO TRY MY FRENCH, WHICH I EARNESTLY STUDIED EVERYDAY FOR 6 WEEKS AT U.C DAVIS...
SORTIE →
PEWVAY VEWS MAY DAY SEEV VEW PLAY MISSYUR?
BUNCH CAN'T YOU EVEN GET US A TAXI
NOBODY'S HELPING US
PARDÓN WHAT?
SNOTTY BASTARDS
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD!
ITS TOO COLD HERE MOMMEE!
STUNNED & OVERWHELMED!


YES IT WAS AN ORDEAL IN MANY WAYS I MEAN I COULD GO ON WHINING FOR PAGES.....
BUT ITS HARD TO ARROUSE SYMPATHY FOR SUCH INDULGENCE!
HERE'S MY LIST:
① WE WERE SMOTHERED BY 200,000 COMICS FANS IN ANGOULEMNE....
② FROZEN BY SUB ZERO TEMP....
③ I WAS PRACTICALLY RUN DOWN BY A MOTORCYCLE...
④ SOPHIE & I WERE IN THE EIFFEL TOWER WITH A BOMB...
⑤ THE HUSBAND WAS IN A ROTTEN MOOD!!!
AND OF COURSE I HAD TO QUESTION MY MOTIVES MORE DEEPLY!!
OH AND I CAN'T LEAVE OUT THE FRU-FRU
YOU KNOW I'M REALLY QUITE HAPPY WITH MY 2ND NOSE JOB...
THIS IS MY SURGEON'S CARD YOU'LL BE STAYING IN PARIS FOR AWHILE?
A BITCH OR WHAT?
OH YEAH, SHURE THANKS I'LL CALL 'M UP RIGHT AWAY!
WHEN DID YOU SAY YOU'D BE LEAVING FOR TAHITI?
TERMINALLY CHIC INTERNATIONAL YUPPIE!
I HAD TO BE CHARMING & FRIENDLY... I WANTED TO RENT HUHR GAWGEOUS APARTMENT WITH A VIEW OF THE EIFFEL TOWER
BUT IT WAS STILL TOTALLY FABULOUS TO ME... (IM SO PROVINCIAL & UNSOPHISTICATED..) DON'T TELL!!
"PARIS IS EXCITING & PEACEFUL" *
I'M CONSTANTLY INSPIRED & TOUCHED BY LOVING ATTENTION TO MINUTE, ESTHETIC DETAILS!
I SUDDENLY LOVE FOOD SHOPPING!!
DAILY SURVIVAL DOESN'T HAFTO BE GRIM!
* GERT STEIN
GOOD CIGARETTES! CHEAP WINE! NO GUILT!!
ITS WEIRD NOT TO FEEL ALIENATED FROM THE MASSES!!
REGULAH PEOPLE DISCUSS AHT
DOMINIQUE YOU'VE SEEN THE NEW PICASSO MUSEUM??
MAYBE I BELONG HERE!?
OUI, OUI MON AMI
C'EST FORMIDABLE
PEOPLE SIT AROUND IN CAFÉS & TALK...


THE NITE LIFE IS LIVELY & VARIED YOU CAN STILL HEAR INTRASTING MUSIC... LIKE AT BALAJO
Balajo
THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE BRASAI BOOK ABOUT PARIS AT NITE!
YEA & I'M NOT EVEN SCARED TO TAKE THE METRO HOME!!
MONTHS LATER: BACK AT HOME NOW FINALLY.... HAPPY TO BE BACK AMONG MY KNICKY-KNACKYS AGAIN & YET..
CRANKY & CRITICAL
GAWD DAMN ASSHOLE HITLER-BOY GOT $100 MILLION FOR THE CONTRAS TODAY...
THE GOVT. HERE SUCKS!!
THE ECONOMY SEEMS TO BE BOOMING! THO!!
MY TOLERANCE FOR CERTAIN BULLSHIT HAS DECREASED!!
JUST TAKE A LOOK AT MY NEIGHBORHOOD... WILL YA PLEASE??!
MANSIONS, VILLAS CHALETS, SOLAH THIS'N THAT, COLONIALS, LOUISIANNA STYLE - ARCHITECT - YUPPIE CREATED BETTER HOMES & HELL-LAND!!!
86,000 SQ. FT. FOR 2 PEOPLE
SUCH EXCESS!
NO TASTE!!
IS THIS DUE TO BAD FOOD & LOW GRADE ENTERTAINMENT?
EH... WHO KNOWS... BUT WHAT ELSE IS NEW!!! I MIGHT AS WELL LIGHTEN UP... AFTER ALL I'M DISGUSTING TOO!!!
IT'S HIDEOUS AND I'M A PART OF IT...
I LIKE MY ALIENATION...
I WILL TRY TO BE NICER.
WISH I COULD HAVE A NICE BIG MORCEAU OF PATE' RIGHT 'BOUT NOW!!
IS THIS THOUGHT PROVOKING?
I REALLY REGRET NOT BUYING THOSE SILVER SANDALS ON RUE DE COMMERCE...
WELL NEXT TIME!
GLEN ELGIN
end..

THE VALMOR STORY



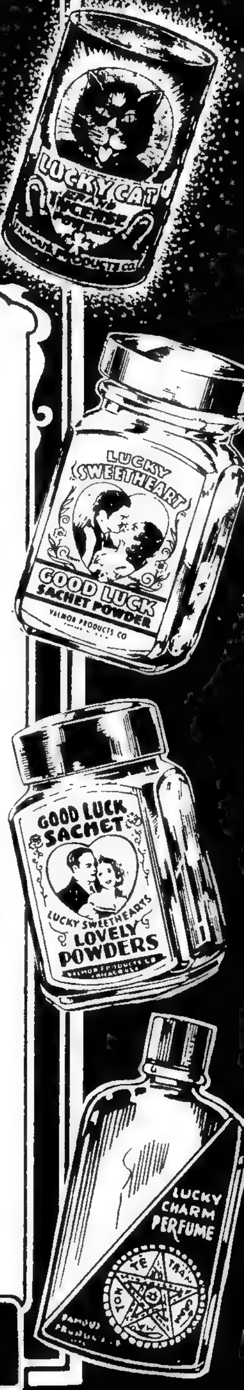
In 1972 I was walking around a flea market outside San Francisco and bought several old bottles and cans whose colorful graphics caught my eye. They appeared to be 30 or 40 years old—one had a 1937 copyright on it (which justified its $1.00 price tag according to the old woman selling it). The can of "LUCKY CAT BRAND" incense powder pictured a particularly inane-looking feline surrounded by a well-designed motif of horseshoes, wishbones, and other good luck symbols. The other two jars were concoctions claiming to straighten kinky hair and lighten the skin. Both featured beautifully drawn labels in full color picturing light-complexioned negroes with straight hair. All these containers said "DISTRIBUTED BY VALMOR PRODUCTS CO., CHICAGO, ILL."

My friend Robert Crumb was living on a farm up in Potter Valley, California at this time. He had a great collection of what's known in the antique business as "advertising art"—old soda pop bottles, medicines, old cans of food—he used to steal a lot of lettering and lay-out designs for his comics from this old stuff. He had a couple of these VALMOR PRODUCTS in his collection and told me that he'd found them in old drug stores and religious candle shops in Black and Mexican neighborhoods. One especially great looking jar was called "FOLLOW ME BOY SACHET POWDER," and the lust to possess one of my very own led me to a dozen or so candle, incense, and drug stores over the next month. Searching through every bad neighborhood in San Francisco and Oakland, I managed to find a half dozen VALMOR items. Most were disappointing — some of the label designs had been modernized with block lettering in place of the old hand-drawn work. A couple others had the older design intact, but were only printed in one or two colors instead of the original four-color printing. They appeared to be from the 1950s or 60s. Satisfied that I had found whatever VALMORs were left out there, I took my few bottles and cans home and put them on a display shelf in my bedroom.

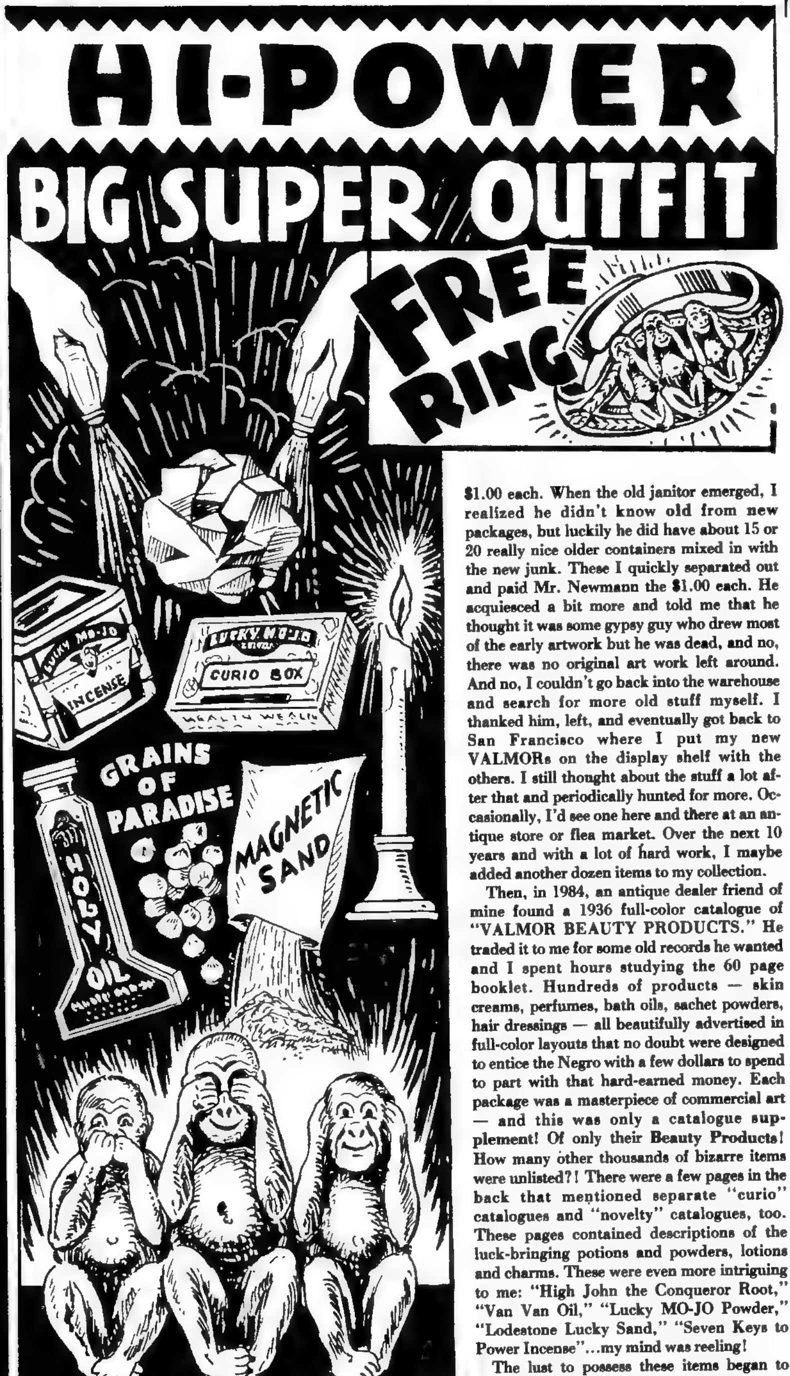
In 1974 I joined Crumb's band — the "Cheap Suit Serenaders." A year later we were in Chicago on the first leg of our big national tour (Chicago, Milwaukee, and New York City). While killing time between performances I decided to look up some old friends in the phone book (I grew up in Chicago). It occurred to me suddenly to see if VALMOR PRODUCTS CO. was listed and sure enough, they still were. I called the number and was surprised to learn they were still in business. They had a huge square block warehouse in a bad neighborhood on the South Side. I started to question the bad tempered receptionist on the phone about old bottles and she curtly announced they were "wholesale only" and hung up. The next day I drove down to the warehouse and entered a small office in the front where I confronted the same old nasty woman I'd spoken to on the phone. No one else was around. I told Old Nasty I was very interested in their old products and labels, had come all the way from San Francisco, and wanted to buy some. She didn't want to hear about "old" — "Wholesale only, we got nothing old...waste our time...Get out...get out before I call the police!" I started in on her again about how I really admired the craftsmanship of the old art work and design and would pay a good price if they'd let me look around the warehouse for this older stuff. In the middle of my begging and her shrieking, an old guy about 80 appeared out of the recesses of the seemingly deserted back warehouse. Morton Newmann, complete with cigar, reminded me of an extremely cranky George Burns.

"What's the problem here?" he snapped suspiciously.

"Well sir, you see, that is...I like the old...and..." He seemed to soften a bit when he figured out I was sincerely interested in the company and the products and the artists who drew the old packaging. Although he claimed to know little about the history of the company or the artists, he did send some old black guy, who had been sweeping the floor, into the warehouse with instructions to bring out a cart full of old bottles and cans to sell me for



BY TERRY ZWIGOFF



$1.00 each. When the old janitor emerged, I realized he didn't know old from new packages, but luckily he did have about 15 or 20 really nice older containers mixed in with the new junk. These I quickly separated out and paid Mr. Newmann the $1.00 each. He acquiesced a bit more and told me that he thought it was some gypsy guy who drew most of the early artwork but he was dead, and no, there was no original art work left around. And no, I couldn't go back into the warehouse and search for more old stuff myself. I thanked him, left, and eventually got back to San Francisco where I put my new VALMORs on the display shelf with the others. I still thought about the stuff a lot after that and periodically hunted for more. Occasionally, I'd see one here and there at an antique store or flea market. Over the next 10 years and with a lot of hard work, I maybe added another dozen items to my collection.

Then, in 1984, an antique dealer friend of mine found a 1936 full-color catalogue of "VALMOR BEAUTY PRODUCTS." He traded it to me for some old records he wanted and I spent hours studying the 60 page booklet. Hundreds of products — skin creams, perfumes, bath oils, sachet powders, hair dressings — all beautifully advertised in full-color layouts that no doubt were designed to entice the Negro with a few dollars to spend to part with that hard-earned money. Each package was a masterpiece of commercial art — and this was only a catalogue supplement! Of only their Beauty Products! How many other thousands of bizarre items were unlisted?! There were a few pages in the back that mentioned separate "curio" catalogues and "novelty" catalogues, too. These pages contained descriptions of the luck-bringing potions and powders, lotions and charms. These were even more intriguing to me: "High John the Conqueror Root," "Van Van Oil," "Lucky MO-JO Powder," "Lodestone Lucky Sand," "Seven Keys to Power Incense"...my mind was reeling!

The lust to possess these items began to take on an obsessive nature. I'd spend idle hours humming to myself while slowly perusing the catalogue pages, dreaming of more VALMOR finds. I began to develop elaborate fantasies of walking into old stores and finding untouched stocks of these old products.

It wasn't long before I renewed my efforts in the search. I methodically checked black neighborhoods for any store that might conceivably have VALMORs. I retraced my steps — there was a religious candle shop a mile from my house that looked promising, but it was always closed. I left notes in the mailbox — finally I got in and found some nice VALMOR incense cans from the 30's. Instead of slacking my desire, these only fueled the fire.

My fever was contagious. One day a friend from Berkeley, Tom Bertino, came over to trade old 78s and I showed him the VALMOR products I had. A week later he was out looking. I tried to discourage him and told him how rare these things were and hard to find, but he wouldn't listen. He'd found a few, more modern VALMORs in an old Mexican drug store in Oakland and he was hooked. And this guy was the Gladstone Gander of record collecting. I knew it was just a matter of time.

In the next few days, out of desperation, I zeroxed my precious 1936 catalogue supplement and sent a copy to the VALMOR CO. in Chicago. This time I wrote on film company stationary posing as a rich producer with money to burn. I said I wanted the old stuff pictured in the catalogue and money was no object. Two months later I got a letter from the president of a big cosmetics company in New York, Richard Solomon. He said my letter had been forwarded to him as he'd just bought out the VALMOR CO. And yes, there were acres of old products, original art, even the original printing presses and old plates. Too bad he threw it all out. He only bought the company because he wanted the rights to several hair pomades that were still big sellers. If only he'd known someone was interested in it.

I had to torture myself with the details so I called Mr. Solomon again to find out exactly what was there and what I'd missed. Ap-

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parently there was a roomful of original art, tons of old bottles and cans, tens of thousands of full color original labels of the 20s and 30s, and hundreds of different catalogues.

"They had 80 or 90 different catalogues of that crap — multiple issues of each!", he laughed."There were 60 separate catalogues for their Beauty Products alone, for Crissakes! Then there was that curio crap — they even had catalogues from the 1930s for their VALMOR BLUES RECORDS!"

This was the final straw for me. My other collecting mania just happened to be 1920s and 30s Blues records. To have the two obsessions arc together in one blinding white glare of passion was too much. I felt physically sick. I was broken...I put VALMORs out of my mind.

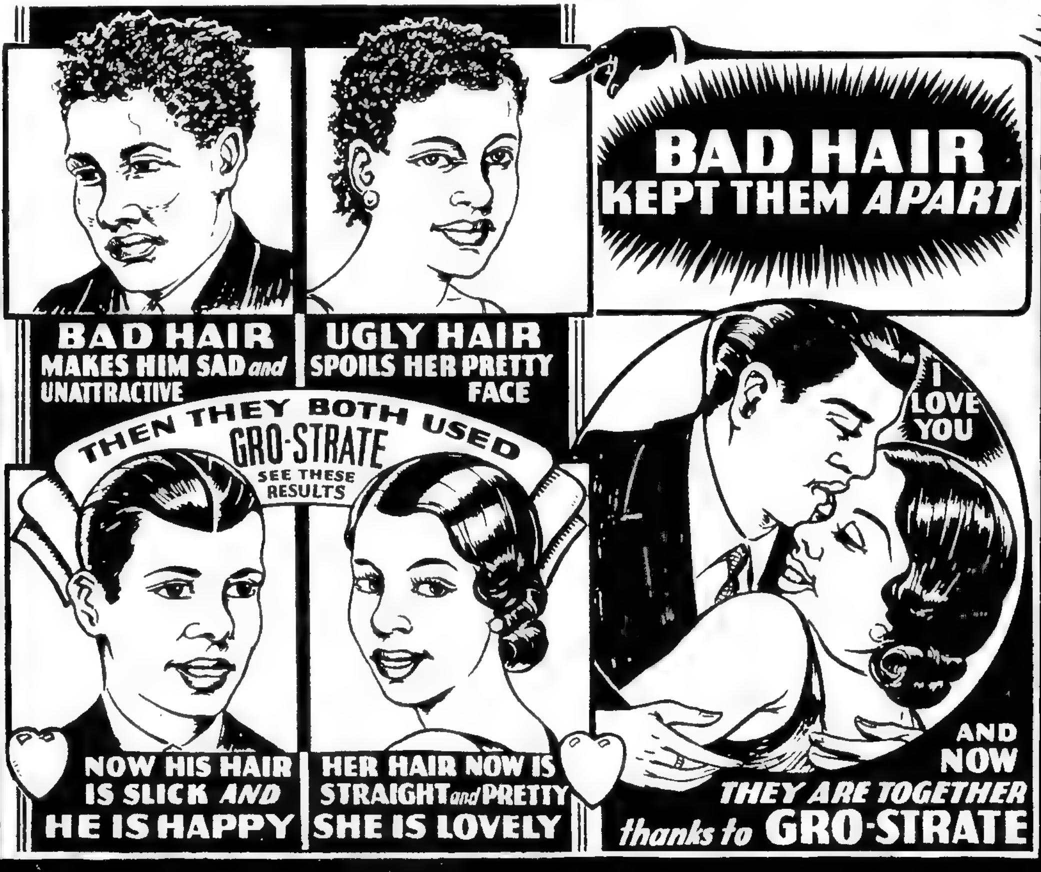
About a year later my cousin called and asked for a ride to the airport. He had to go to Chicago to visit his sick mother for a week and complained that he'd be bored stiff with nothing to do there. When I dropped him at the airport I asked him to look around the Chicago antique stores for VALMOR stuff since he'd have time on his hands. He'd always referred to my collection somewhat derisively — a waste of time — but he said he'd look for me because he'd have plenty of time to kill. I agreed to reimburse him for any expenditures.

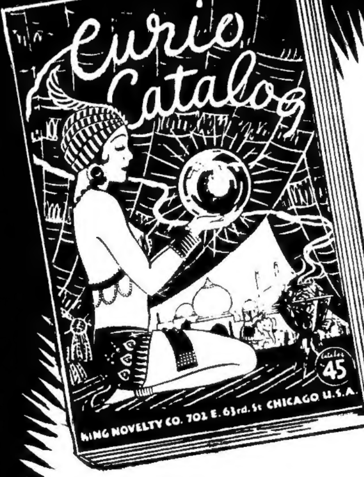
When I picked him up at the airport a week later, he was carrying a large parcel. "I've got good news and bad news," he smirked. One of the first antique stores he walked into had a big pile of original VALMOR art work. He bought a stack of it — that was the good news. The bad news was that he really didn't think he could sell any because he was "sort of interested in it" now. Then he proceeded to show me the treasure of King Tut's tomb: page after page of great stuff — original layout designs for product labels, catalogue pages, even an incredible cover for the mysterious "VALMOR RACE RECORDS" that pictured a scantily-clad Mulatto girl dancing to a whirling border of old blues records!

I threatened, wheedled, and tried to bribe some of these pages from him. Nothing worked. It was no use — I could see it in his eyes — he was hooked too. As a last resort I asked about the few pages he'd left — where was this antique store? Obviously the store owner had somehow gotten into the VALMOR CO. before it was sold and its contents thrown out. Cuz wouldn't talk. He said the guy had 2,000 more pages at his home and wouldn't let him go through those yet. Perhaps when he got his hands on those, he's sell me a few.

In a blind rage I went home, called the Chicago Sun-Times Newspaper and placed a $200 ad that began: "VALMOR PRODUCTS WANTED..." I figured I'd find this antique store on my own, and anyone else who might have the stuff. An hour later, when my boiling brain calmed down a bit, I called a friend of mine in Chicago, Jay Lynch. Jay would know of this antique store if anyone would. He was tied into a whole network of artists and original art collectors. Success! Jay was familiar with the place. I called the store and talked to the owner, Ted. He said yes, he had about 2,000 more pages at his home. I asked him to send me some xeroxes or samples so I could get an idea of what he had. He didn't want to bother with that. I explained how I'd been after this stuff for years and years. He didn't seem impressed. I said, "Look, I'll make it easy for you. What do you want per page for these?" There was a long pause,..... "10 to $50 each depending on size, quality...a number of different factors."

"O.K. look. I'll send you a check for $500. When you get it, take 10 pages at random and mail them to me. If I like the ten, I'll send you a check for more."


BAD HAIR KEPT THEM APART
BAD HAIR MAKES HIM SAD and UNATTRACTIVE
UGLY HAIR SPOILS HER PRETTY FACE
THEN THEY BOTH USED GRO-STRATE
SEE THESE RESULTS
I LOVE YOU
NOW HIS HAIR IS SLICK AND HE IS HAPPY
HER HAIR NOW IS STRAIGHT and PRETTY SHE IS LOVELY
AND NOW THEY ARE TOGETHER thanks to GRO-STRATE


Curio Catalog
Catalog 45
KING NOVELTY CO. 702 E. 63rd. St CHICAGO U.S.A.

This didn't interest him. It seemed he didn't like to have to bother with mailing stuff. But if I ever got to Chicago I could call him and "possibly" get together.

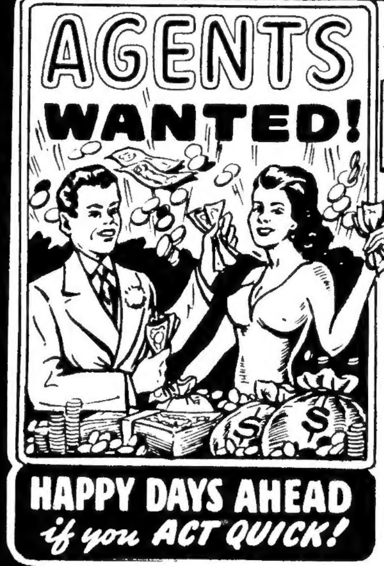
I called back Jay Lynch. He agreed to try and call Ted and go over to his house to buy me some pages that I'd reimburse him for. I spent a sleepless week waiting to hear from Jay. I finally called him. He said Ted had agreed to let him look at the stuff, but not for 2 weeks. I spent 2 more weeks of hell. Then Jay called to say Ted broke their appointment at the last minute. This scenario was repeated 3 or 4 times over the next couple of months. It looked more and more like I'd have to fly out there personally. Flights cost $400 and it was early January, not a popular season of the year to visit Chicago. I phoned Ted. He agreed to let me come over to see the art work at his house if I flew to Chicago the next day.

When I arrived at O'Hare Airport the temperature was 12° below zero. The newspaper said this was the worst cold spell since 1925, and my warmest clothes were a sweater and a thin sports coat. I called the antique store. Ted wasn't in. They expected him in a couple of hours, maybe. I rented a car and drove over to Jay's apartment. Although I grew up in Chicago, I didn't seem to remember just how unpleasant - 12° was. Jay lived on the top floor of a 4 story walk-up. His apartment looked like a set from the sci-fi movie "BRAZIL." Huge heating pipes snaked all along the walls delivering a two foot square blast of hot air to three strategically located vents. It was nice and warm if you positioned yourself right in front of one of the vents. One side effect of standing this way for even a short while was that your nose would start to bleed because the heated air was so dry. But anywhere else but directly in front of a vent was too cold. I stood there with my nosebleed wondering how people somehow managed to adjust to a climate this brutal. It was time to call back the antique store. My adrenalin was pumping — Ted was in! "Hello Ted, it's Terry Zwigoff. I'm here in Chicago, ready to come over." Ted didn't feel well, it seemed, and could I try him at home tomorrow?

I didn't get much sleep that night on Jay's sofa. I tossed and turned till about 4 a.m. with twisted thoughts of VALMORs and nosebleeds. Just as I finally dozed off, I awoke to a strange high-pitched shriek. It was repeated half a minute later. It was a pattern — a 3 second shriek and then 30 seconds of silence. Just enough to prevent any further possibility of sleep. I woke Jay. He mumbled something about it being pigeons on the roof. I tossed and turned for another 30 minutes. The shrieks were too uniformly spaced to be pigeons or anything alive. It had to be machinery of some type. My God! It's one of those smoke detector alarms! We're on the 4th floor with no fire escape! We'll roast alive or have to jump out the window and break both legs in a snow bank! I managed to wake Jay again and he agreed with my smoke alarm

7-11
HOLY
TYPE
OIL
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BLACK CAT
PERFUME


AGENTS
WANTED!
HAPPY DAYS AHEAD
if you ACT QUICK!

You too can
MAKE BIG MONEY
taking ORDERS for
SWEET GEORGIA BROWN
and VALMOR PRODUCTS

theory and then fell back asleep. I learned the next day that Jay's neighbor's smoke alarm had indeed made the noise all night. This was because the battery needed to be replaced — it was the warning signal to replace the batteries.

I got out of bed half-frozen with a bad nosebleed and phoned Ted. He was feeling slightly better, but insisted on waiting until the following day (Wednesday). I had a day of watching Jay's black-and-white TV, and then another night of shrieking pigeon alarms.

On Wednesday Ted met me at the door to his apartment and took me down to a gigantic basement crammed with junk. In a corner sat a huge pile of VALMOR art. I started to look through it, my hands shaking from both the thrill and the temperature. After several minutes Ted informed me rather impatiently that he'd give me ten more minutes as he was cold and wanted to get back up to his apartment. Somehow, I don't know how, I managed to convince him to give me 4 or 5 hours alone down there. It was too much trouble for him to argue with me I guess. Eventually, I selected about 100 or so of the best pages and Ted only charged me $600. He also threw in some great old full-color labels I was thrilled to get. The next day it was 15° below zero and I was happy to leave Chicago.

When I got home I spent many contented hours sorting and resorting my acquisitions. Considering that I was ready to dump my life savings into this stuff, I'd gotton off very cheap indeed. I bought a nice large display case and spent a happy couple of days arranging and rearranging my prized bottles and cans. The original artwork would have to be framed of course...it's too bad my girlfriend had just moved in with me and taken over that spare room in the house. I could have had all the VALMORs in there — it would have been an intense display. She's just wasting the space with such mundane clutter as dressers and clothes anyway. But I was happy for awhile puttering with my new acquisitions.

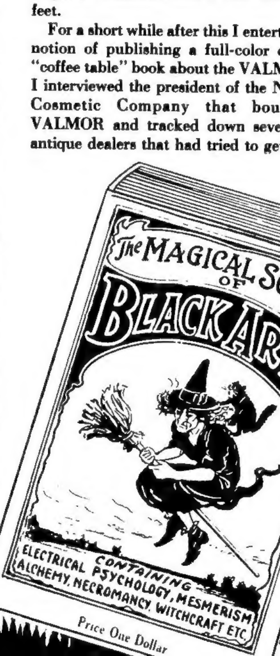
Then one day I got a call from Tom Bertino. He'd been meaning to call me for awhile. He'd been to the San Mateo Antique Show and Sale while I was in Chicago. (I knew about the show — I'd attended it faithfully for ten straight years just looking for VALMORs with no luck whatsoever. This was the first year I didn't go, but figured I certainly wouldn't be missing anything as VALMORs would never turn up there.) Funny thing — Tom had walked in the show and picked up 19 prime VALMOR items for 50¢ each. There were even a few duplicates but he "forgot" to pick them up for me. I was burning! That upstart! That Johnny-come-lately! On top of the insult of not getting me the duplicate scraps, what right did he have? Doesn't he know I need these VALMORS?! Two months of casual nonchalant collecting and already he rivaled my decade-long hell struggle. It wasn't fair.

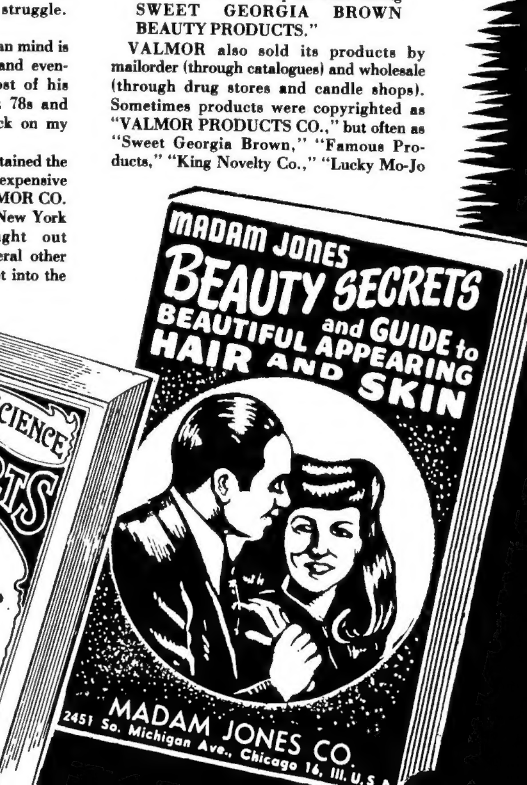
I was a beaten dog. But the human mind is amazingly resilient. I persevered and eventually got Tom to trade me most of his VALMOR products for old Jazz 78s and original VALMOR art. I was back on my feet.

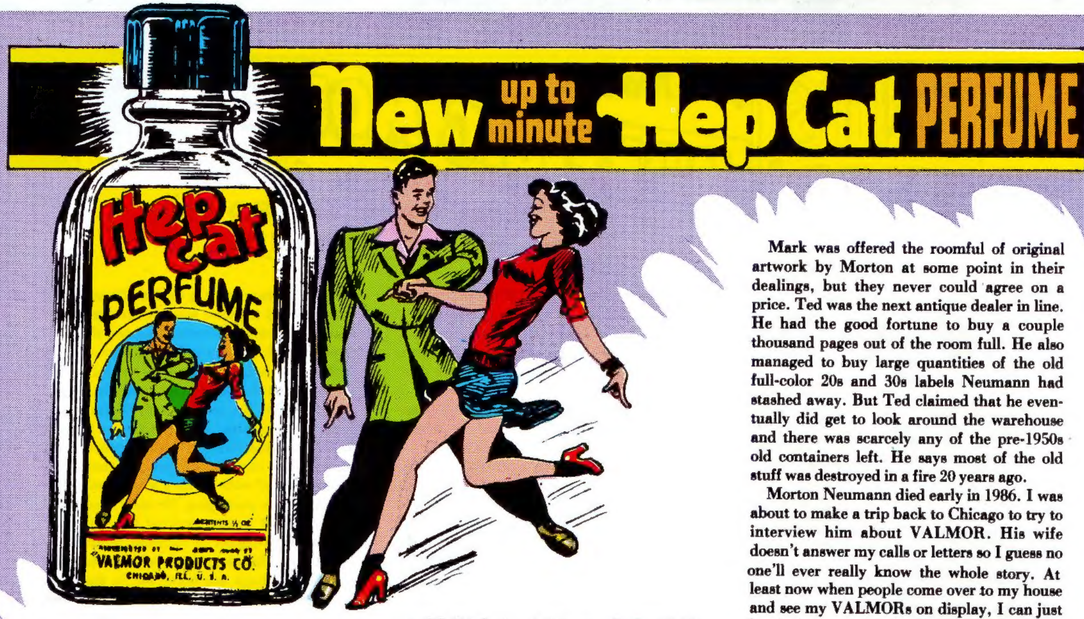
For a short while after this I entertained the notion of publishing a full-color expensive "coffee table" book about the VALMOR CO. I interviewed the president of the New York Cosmetic Company that bought out VALMOR and tracked down several other antique dealers that had tried to get into the VALMOR warehouse in the late 70s and early 80s. I pieced together some interesting information. Morton Newmann founded the company in 1928. He was a chemist who came up with a few hair preparations he decided to market himself. These quickly caught on and he expanded his products to include perfumes, face creams, skin bleaches — he even added costume jewelry, insect sprays, floor washes, and incense powders. All these were cleverly hyped with his own exuberant claims and distinctive packaging. He must have had 2 or 3 different artists working full time considering the number of different products he eventually developed. Sales agents were recruited through ads taken out in the black newspapers and through VALMOR's own give-away flyers and catalogues. Sample cases of a dozen VALMOR products were sold cheap to the agents who then could earn a commission on door-to-door sales. A typical ad claimed:

> "Quick money starts rolling in when customers see pretty packages— Earn $15/week in spare time selling SWEET GEORGIA BROWN BEAUTY PRODUCTS."

VALMOR also sold its products by mailorder (through catalogues) and wholesale (through drug stores and candle shops). Sometimes products were copyrighted as "VALMOR PRODUCTS CO.," but often as "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Famous Products," "King Novelty Co.," "Lucky Mo-Jo


The MAGICAL SCIENCE OF
BLACK ARTS
CONTAINING
ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY, MESMERISM
ALCHEMY, NECROMANCY, WITCHCRAFT ETC.
Price One Dollar





Brand," and other psuedonyms. This was either a sales gimmick or a way to stay one jump ahead of legal prosecution for supernatural claims made on the bottles and boxes. By the 1950s most of the packaging added disclaimers — words like "alleged" were included to preface "Good Luck."

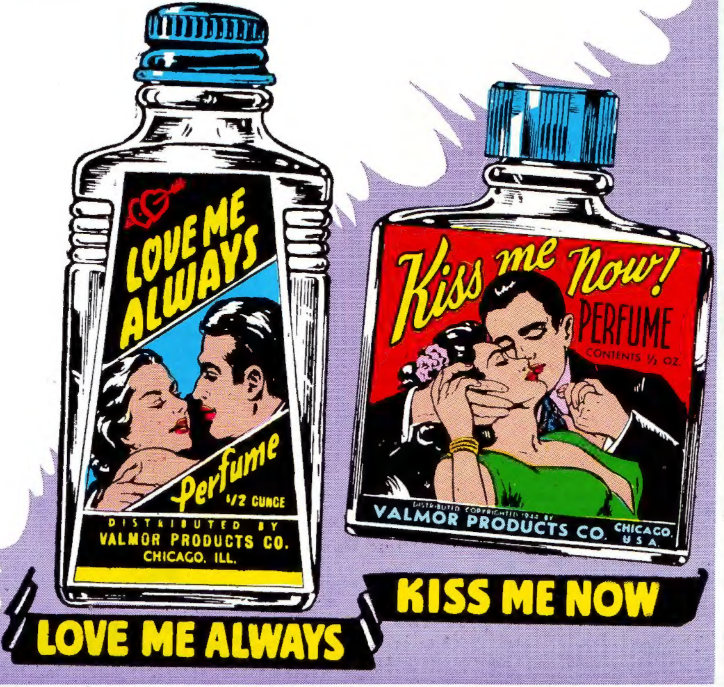
It's unclear whether Morton Newmann made his fortune through VALMOR, but he was extremely wealthy and a well known collector of Modern Art in later years. (He donated a wing to the Chicago Art Institute among other places.) Apparently he was friends with Man Ray and Picasso back in the 30s. By the time I met him in 1974, VALMOR had become a 2-person operation. Morton and his wife (the receptionist) actually filled all the mail orders themselves. Morton was so eccentric as to personally deliver orders to local stores. One old woman who ran a tiny candle shop in one of the most dangerous neighborhoods of Chicago's South Side told me that he'd drive up and double park his Rolls Royce when he delivered her monthly order for $10 worth of "VALMOR WICK OIL."

I also talked to Mark Sachnoff who was an antique dealer in Chicago back in the late 70s. He stumbled across a drug store with some old VALMORs and found the company listed in the phone book as I had. He too went to the warehouse and met Morton. He didn't have a very easy time either: "When I met Mr. Newmann I told him I could make good money selling these old packages as antiques. Being a good businessman he could relate to this motivation, but he seemed paranoid that these things were fabulously valuable and was very cautious. He never let me into the warehouse — instead he'd go back and emerge with an old can and want to sell me a minimum of 1000 of them. I knew I could only sell maybe 50 of each different product, but I also knew that he wouldn't bother with me if I didn't play it his way. So I paid him $1.00 each for 1000 cans. A month later I'd go see him again and have to buy $1,000 worth of a different old can, all to keep my foot in the door with the hope of eventually getting into the treasure trove in the mysterious back warehouse and being able to pick and choose. It never happened. After four visits and $4,000, I gave up on the old fox. He never did let me see what he had back there. And then I heard about it all being thrown out! What a character."

Mark was offered the roomful of original artwork by Morton at some point in their dealings, but they never could agree on a price. Ted was the next antique dealer in line. He had the good fortune to buy a couple thousand pages out of the room full. He also managed to buy large quantities of the old full-color 20s and 30s labels Neumann had stashed away. But Ted claimed that he eventually did get to look around the warehouse and there was scarcely any of the pre-1950s old containers left. He says most of the old stuff was destroyed in a fire 20 years ago.

Morton Neumann died early in 1986. I was about to make a trip back to Chicago to try to interview him about VALMOR. His wife doesn't answer my calls or letters so I guess no one'll ever really know the whole story. At least now when people come over to my house and see my VALMORs on display, I can just hand them a copy of this article when they ask, "What the hell is this stuff?" I won't have to begin my tired old story for the umpteenth time while my girlfriend rolls her eyes and leaves the room. I can just say, "Here...read this."

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you have VALMORs or information in this regard, please write Mr. Zwigoff, c/o this magazine.



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